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BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

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APRIL, 1912

The Peace River Country (Illustrated)
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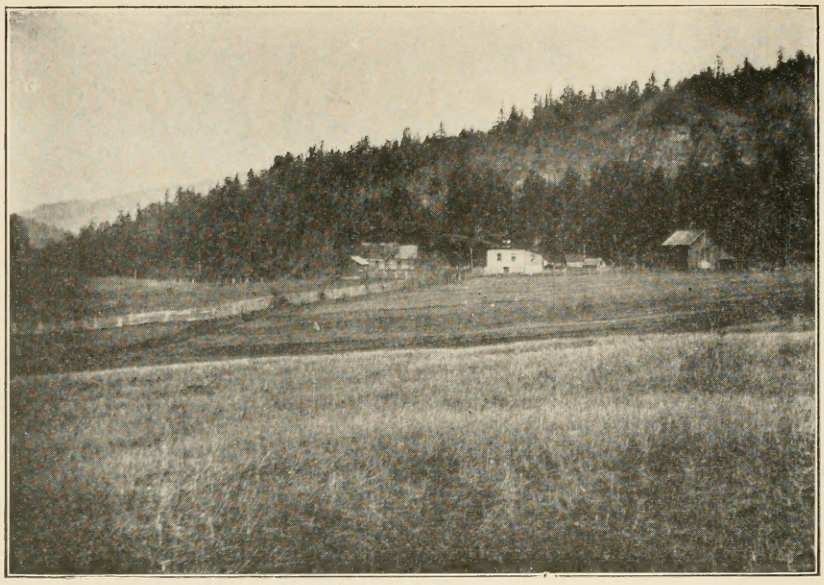
British Columbia and Her Imperial Outlook
His Majesty's Ships of Peace
The Shantyman
East Indians Overseas
West Vancouver White Rock (Illustrated)



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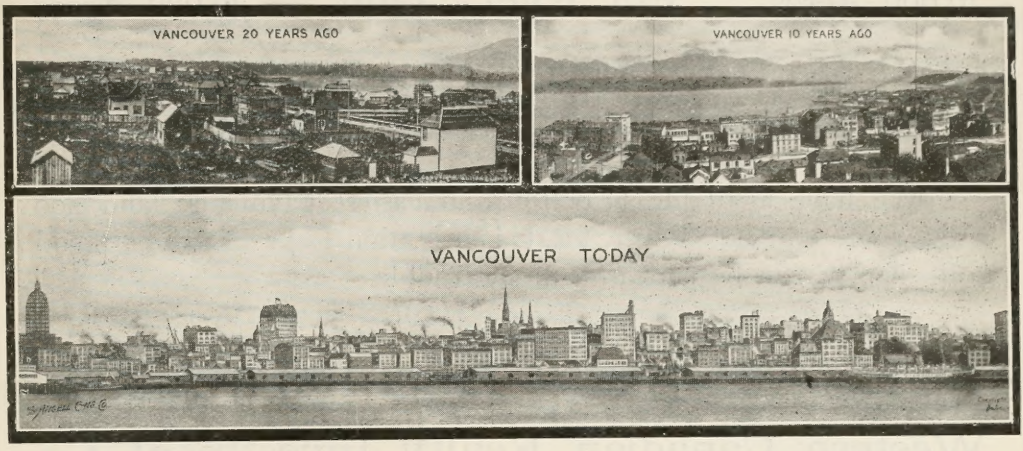

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4	*Los Angeles	102,000	319,000	211
5	*Seattle	80,000	237,000	194
6	Spokane	36,000	104,000	183
7	*Portland	90,000	207,000	129
8	Oakland	66,000	150,000	124
9	*Toronto	208,000	376,000	81
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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

FRANK BUFFINGTON VROOMAN
EDITOR

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President, Elliott S. Rowe; Vice-President, Charles McMillan;

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¶ The Editor will always be pleased to consider articles and photographs dealing with British Columbia. Stamps must be enclosed for the return of MSS. and photos in case of their not being accepted. Poetry will not be paid for. Business communications must be addressed to the Manager

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Mining started in British Columbia in the year 1858, when the discovery of gold was made in the Cariboo country. To supply the miners with beef, cattle were brought in from Oregon, U.S.A. In the year 1860 cattle-raising was started in a small way on the Fraser River and the Chilcotin River, where it proved most successful. The industry quickly spread up and down the valleys of the Thompson, Nicola, Similkameen and Okanagan. From that time for the best part of twenty years the cattlemen practically controlled the interior, or central part of the province. During that time 320-acre homesteads grew into holdings of from 1,000 up to 100,000-acre tracts of the choicest lands in the choicest parts of the province. Some of these holdings have since changed hands and been turned into fruit land, but some of them are still intact. It is property of this class that we are handling.

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W. R. ARNOLD,
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Baby

Adrift from the great, wide ocean,
In our quiet, landlocked bay,
Serene and calm and quiet
A little vessel lay.

Nobody knew the harbor
Or the port from which she hailed,
And only a few were watching
As into our bay she sailed.

Never a stitch of rigging
Or a gleam of canvas bright
Was seen on the little vessel
As she drifted into sight;

But the gracefully-molded free-board
And the curves of her lovely side
Showed the hand of the Master Builder
As she rocked on the morning tide.

And when she came to her moorings
At our little sandy beach,
We knew that the ship we longed for
Had come within our reach.

Now, safe in the quiet harbor,
Where the winds are hushed to rest,
She lies—our darling baby—
In the haven of mother's breast.

—Arthur D. Ropes, Boston

In honor of the "arrival" of Alice Vrooman, daughter of the Rev. Hiram Vrooman

LEARNING HOW BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES

A photograph of the Prince of Wales and some of his messmates on board H.M.S. Hindustan. The Prince is second from the right in the front row. He is now seventeen years old, and will shortly go to Oxford or Cambridge. The Prince is a good golfer, and is at present learning to drive a motor car, an accomplishment of which neither King Edward nor King George could boast. Next year the Prince is expected to make a tour through Canada. He will be warmly welcomed in British Columbia.

BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

Vol. VIII APRIL, 1912 No. 4

Putting British Columbia on the Map

A NOTE ON THE WORK AND SCOPE OF THE GEODETIC SURVEY IN THIS PROVINCE

By Ken. C. Drury

Mr. Drury has confined himself, in the manner characteristic of the modest scientist, to a plain account of "how it is done." He does no more than hint at the unexpected chances of the day's work in such a shaggy and little-known country as British Columbia. We have friends who have met with many thrilling adventures while engaged in survey work in a big-game country. On one occasion a cougar jumped over the head of an astonished and uncomfortable surveyor, and then, apparently enjoying the joke, jumped back again. Bears have also been known to take a very keen interest in surveying in the north of Vancouver Island. Sometimes a survey party has to fell a tall tree to bridge a canyon or a raging mountain torrent and take their instruments and supplies across on the precarious footing. In reading this plain tale of our hills we ask our readers to use their imagination to fill in between the lines some of the broad, open-air romance of mapping out such a land as British Columbia. We also suggest that the definition of "geodetic" in the dictionary is not without great interest.—EDITOR.

THE appearance of the surveyor with his transit, rod and chains seems to be the first sign of actual development in any section of this country today. During almost any season of the year one will find his camps scattered everywhere throughout British Columbia. The province is fast becoming literally dotted with little wooden pegs marking the results of his activity. Somehow or other we seem to feel that something really big is at last going to happen when we see him blazing his line through the woods and taking his observations. For he represents the van of actual development. Tomorrow will follow the miner, the road builder, the railway contractor, and then perhaps the real estate agent and the town plotter. And after these who can foretell? It is all the same story of the rapid development of the country that is being written all over British Columbia today.

Everyone has a more or less vague idea of the general work of the land surveyor, but there is one branch of the work of which few realize the importance. The branch I refer to is what is known as the geodetic survey. The Dominion Government during last summer and autumn made a beginning at this work along this coast with the object of perfecting and straightening out the already existing maps of British Columbia. The geodetic survey is the final test, as it were, and has as its end the correct proportioning on the map of

PROFESSOR LAMB MAKING AN OBSERVATION ON MOUNTAIN TOP

various districts and other large sections of land in their relation to one another. It also looks after the latitude and longitude of prominent points, seeking to definitely establish them for the use of geographers, geologists and topographers, so that their maps may be properly co-ordinated.

The Government has now come to recognize that the land maps of this coast are far from perfect. Numerous cases might be cited where trouble has ensued through faulty maps. One man found, to his loss, how imperfectly the irregular coastline of British Columbia is recorded. He went to the Government office to take over some land just north of the Skeena Riiver. The land lay in the form of a peninsula bounded by deep salt-water bays on the north and south sides. From the scale of the map in the office he was informed that it measured some ten miles across this strip. A short while afterwards he went up to see what his purchase looked like, and to his dismay found that nearly half of what he had contracted for lay covered by the sea. The map had recorded the distance to be some ten miles, whereas in reality it was little over six. A similar case was noted as having happened at Sooke, at the southern end of Vancouver Island. In fact, so incorrectly were some of the maps plotted that they were a source of continual trouble to the land offices. Railway contractors, road builders and hosts of timber cruisers and land stakers can be put to much inconvenience through these defects.

To overcome these difficulties the Dominion Government last summer sent out from Ottawa a party to make a geodetic survey of the coast, working north from the southern end of Vancouver Island. The work requires great precision on the part of the surveyor, who before being sent out must be a master of all its intricate details. The organization of the work on this coast is under the control of Mr. Charles Biggar, F.R.C.S., chief assistant superintendent of the Geodetic Survey of Canada and of the Dominion Astronomical Observatory at Ottawa. Mr. Biggar is well known among the engineering and surveying fraternity of the Dominion, and was one of the experts selected to undertake the Alaskan boundary survey for the Dominion Government. As his assistants in the geodetic work last summer he had men of considerable scientific attainment in the persons of Mr. G. H. McCallum, C.E., and Professor H. M. Lamb, of the department of science at McGill University. Such a degree of mathematical accuracy has been a requisite of this work that it has been said when this survey is completed engineers will be able to almost wholly plot the route of a proposed new line of railway from the map, without having to go to the trouble of making their own field observations and explorations. The distances given will be absolutely accurate in every way, and when the topographical surveyors who are covering the same districts fill in their results, giving all elevations and grades, the map will be all that the most exacting of engineers could desire.

To many people the method of map compilation is a mystery, and some seem to be of the opinion that the work is more or less guesswork on the part of the geographer in endeavoring to come as near as possible to a representation on paper of what the coastline of a country is really like. Without exaggeration I think I am safe in saying that none outside of those actually engaged in the work can form any idea of the expensive and elaborate precautions which are taken to maintain the strictest accuracy down to the most minute detail. Perfect and costly instruments are required and time is sacrificed to accuracy in what may seem to the layman a most ruthless manner. A high-salaried staff is often obliged to spend days at one point waiting for suitable weather conditions, so as to be sure the results are correct down to the finest degree.

The geodetic survey work is all of a very complex character and is carried on by what is known technically as the method of triangulation. This consists in the formation of a system of triangles running up the coast formed by imaginary lines joining certain prominent points, which are most often mountain tops and sometimes prominent buildings in a city and lighthouses along the coast. The chief points selected for the first section of the work last summer and autumn at which stations were established were Mount Douglas, just outside of Victoria; Mount Constitution, on Orcas Island; Mount Bruno, on Salt Spring Island; South Bluff, near Blaine, Wash.; Little Mountain, near Vancouver; Mount Benson, near Nanaimo; Mount Bowes, on Bowes Island, and Mount Shepherd, on Texada Island. Many less important points were subsequently allotted their positions on the map by means of their relations to these main points.

At the very highest point of each of these mountains a signal was erected which was large enough to be marked by the telescope of the observing instrument over a distance of twenty miles on clear days. When the observing has to be done over a great distance, too great to distinctly see the signal through the telescope, it is necessary to mark the spot for the recording instrument by means of a heliograph, a combination of powerful mirrors which throws the light in any direction desired. Often the most satisfactory results are obtained during the night, when powerful lights are used instead of heliographs and other signals.

THE SURVEYOR HAS TO PACK HIS DELICATE INSTRUMENTS HIMSELF

The chief recording instrument used in this geodetic work is an elaborate form of the ordinary surveyor's transit. It is known as the theodolite, and by it the angles between two points are ascertained. By an ingenious combination of microscopes a reading can be given on the scale down to the thousandth part of a second. Altogether it is an extremely heavy and bulky instrument and has to be handled with great care. One thing about it that raises the surveyor's ire is the fact that he has to strap it to his back and pack it up steep mountains. Most of the hills encountered vary in height from 1,500 to 3,500 feet, and much of the way is often through a thick maze of dead trees and branches where the footing is anything but sure. Often the ascent lies up a barren cliff. Then a cable and tackle are brought to the rescue, and up the instrument goes. It is all a very laborious and time-consuming process, but the theodolite is needed at the tops of the mountains and it has to go.

TYPICAL COUNTRY PRESENTING MANY DIFFICULTIES TO THE GEODETIC SURVEYOR

The first step in the work last summer was the measuring of a base line upon which the system of triangles could be constructed. This line was carefully measured from a point near Steveston, in the level Fraser River Valley, and ran for ten miles in the direction of Vancouver. Stations were established at either end of this line and the angles then made, by running imaginary lines from these points to Mount Little, near Vancouver, were recorded. Then with the length of one side of the triangle known and two of its angles, it was only a matter of High-School trigonometry to find the length of the other two sides—that is, the distance between Mount Little and each of the other two points. The same operation was then repeated, taking the sides just found as base lines and on them building other triangles. Continuing in this way a chain of triangles was run up and down the coast.

Of course, in practice it does not all work out as smoothly as one might be led to believe from the general description of the work I have given. Many readings have to be taken at each point, and it is rare indeed that any two of them are found to coincide when brought down to the smallest fraction of a second. Amongst other causes this is partly due to the constantly changing conditions of the atmosphere and air currents, which deflect the line of vision. This occasions many delays, which all mean running up the expense account.

The results obtained by the parties during the season just closed have been forwarded to Ottawa, where for the next three or four months a staff of experts in the geological department will from them turn out the most accurate and scientific maps which the country possesses. It is practically certain that the work will be continued on the coast with a much increased staff this spring. It is estimated by the officials in charge that, even with the most favorable conditions possible, it will take at least three or four years to complete the survey as far north as Prince Rupert, as work can be carried on only during fine weather. Most of the older sections of Canada have been pretty well covered by this work. When the rapid development of British Columbia is taken into consideration, one may be certain that the Dominion Government will feel compelled to rush the geodetic survey of the Pacific coast to completion as quickly as possible.

Almanaks and Calendars

PROBABLE ORIGIN OF SHIFTING DAY NAMES FOR DATES

Special to the British Columbia Magazine

By Moses B. Cotsworth, F. G. S.

Author of "The Rational Almanak," Etc.

(*Continued from Page 175, March issue*)

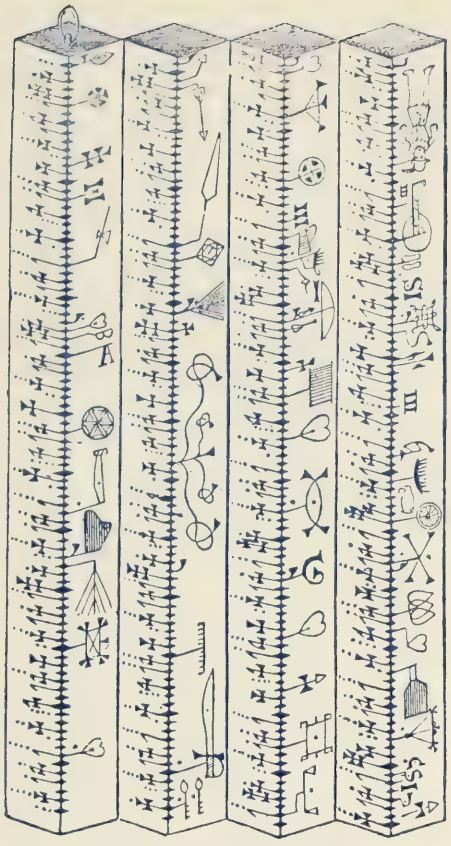
SECTION 9

NO doubt the reader has noticed that with each new year the whole of the week-day names for every day in the year are changed. That is to say, that although March the 1st, 1911, falls on a Wednesday, March the 1st, 1912, falls on a Friday. The disadvantages of this system are so obvious that we need not go into them fully here. One of them, for instance, is the necessity for preparing entirely new calendars every twelve months. The origin of this faulty system is, doubtless, the fact that the ancient observers were not able to make sufficiently accurate observations, owing to the lack of suitable instruments and apparatus. Happily we have recently discovered a method by which permanent week-day names can be established for each day in the year following 1916, provided the governments of the world agree to give that great convenience, and many consequent advantages, to every civilized person.

10. In spite of the wonderful and almost incredible results obtained by the Egyptians through their pyramid observations, there were certain unknown factors at work that puzzled and misled them. For instance, they saw the result of the astronomical movement now known as the Precession of the Equinoxes, but they were not acquainted with its cause. It was not until 200 B.C. that Hipparchus recorded this phenomenon. The Egyptians saw that every cycle of four years disturbed their calculations so much that apparently a day was added to the usual number of 365. It caused the shadow cast by the pyramid to "leap back," as it were, on a certain date by a distance equal to one day. This was the effect of "leap year," that is now, of course, perfectly understood by modern astronomers. Another factor that was unknown to them, and that is slowly changing the latitude and climate of the whole world, is the ice cap of Greenland. There is a mass of Arctic ice covering almost the whole of that country to a depth of 9,000 feet. There is nothing to counterpoise this on the Siberian side, and the balance of the world is disturbed by it, so that the latitude of every place is gradually changing. We have evidence of this change in the careful observations of Eratosthenes, who about 276 B. C. recorded the fact that Syene (now Assouan) was directly under the Tropic of Capricorn. It is now some forty miles north of that tropic (see *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* Vol. 2, Page 748).

11. These combined causes affected the relation of the slope of the pyramid to the noonday angle of the sun at the equinox. For example, when the so-called Second Pyramid was built, this angle was 52 degrees 20 minutes. Other older pyramids were deflected still more. These causes have deflected the shadows from the fixed slope of the Great Pyramid, so that the shortest noon shadow registering on March 21 about 5,000 years ago now falls on March 2. That deflection has until recently prevented the re-discovery of the great and noble purposes for which the pyramids of Egypt were built.

12. Plate 5 (page 174 in the March issue), which shows the calendar-makers of Sarawak at work, typically illustrates the methods by which our ancestors developed their systems of daily and yearly time during thousands of years.



ANCIENT BRITISH CLOG ALMANAK

PLATE 6. We reproduce here a drawing of an ancient British "clog" or wood almanak, the original of which is preserved in the British Museum. The notches cut on the edges of this fixed-year log represent the sequential order of week days as they happen to have recurred during 1911. It registers fifty-three Sundays, including the first and last days of that typical year. The original is like nearly all others—a square stick with four long edges in which notches were cut to mark the days. Sundays were marked by deep notches. The same almanak was used for all years. In subsequent years, owing to the change of the day-names, Sunday was read as one or more notches below that registered in the fixed almanak as Sunday. For example, the permanent almanak shown in the illustration happens to exactly suit 1911, which began on a Sunday. This year, 1912, the Sundays would be read one notch further down, *e.g.*, Sunday, as Monday, until "leap day," February 28, after which two notches below the deep cuts are to be read as Sunday, owing to the extra day in February this year. The four edges detailed the days for each of the four quarters. The hooks and dots on the left of each edge marked the phases of the moon. The emblems on the right of the edge were hieroglyphics signifying the festivals of the church which the abbot or priest notified each week to the congregations.

May-day is represented by a branch of may-blossom. March 1 is marked by the harp of Saint David and locates the Welsh festival. April 23, St. George's day, is marked by a lance. Saint Peter's day has two keys. The inverted man signifies St. Edward's day, as he was crucified upside down. Saint Crispin's day has two shoes, which mark the festival of the shoemaker's patron saint. There are many other signs that we have no space to explain here. The clog was suspended by the ring over the altar. The more secret "tithe" producing agricultural signs were usually recorded on closely guarded private clogs, as the priests, in the interests of their privileged class, discouraged such secular and easily understood signs as the "hay rake," shown on June 11, to locate hay harvest; the plough for ploughing time; the flail for thrashing; the ram sign for returning rams to ewes, etc. Those, if made public, would have enabled men to keep in close enough touch with the seasonal times of the year *without attending church* to hear the priest proclaim what should be done during the ensuing week. Obviously it was to the interest of the priests that people should attend church to be helped by the teaching of Christian principles, and in return help the church by their contributions.

This method was perfected by the stupendous labors of the Egyptians in building the pyramids. Owing to their unexcelled knowledge of the true location of the seasons, the Egyptians prospered above all other races of antiquity. They had learned the secret of when to sow each kind of seed and multiply their crops, and thenceforward there was always "corn in Egypt." They then ceased building more pyramids, because if they were able to rear these giant erections higher it would only be to read with a little more exactness their previous observations.

SOLUTION OF STAR ASTROLOGY BY PYRAMID OBSERVERS

13. After compiling reliable calendars by means of shadow astronomy, the pyramid-builders found they possessed the key to a more accurate system of time measurement, namely, star astronomy. They noted the regular cycles of the stars which passed nightly across the apex of the pyramid, tracing an imaginary circle on the background of the night sky of Egypt. Following up this observation, in conjunction with the calendar they had already constructed, they recorded the course of what is now known as the Path of the Ecliptic (so-called because the eclipses of the moon always take place in this sky circle). They marked out this great circle

of the ecliptic by means of twelve constellations or prominent groups of stars about thirty degrees apart, making up the full 360 degrees of the circle. To these constellations, each of which marked a certain month, they applied special names. For instance, they located their eighth month as "Star of the Scorpion," their tenth month as "Star of the Goat," their twelfth month as "Star of the Fish," etc. These are pictured in our modern calendars as "Scorpio" for August, "Capricornus" for October, and "Pisces" for December. Thus was ancient astronomy of the seasons turned topsy-turvy on finding that better almanak results could be derived from direct observations of the stars. But the key to star astronomy was the older system of shadow observation, for which purpose the pyramids were originally built.

14. We have not space at present to go into the reasons for the height and shape of the pyramids, both of which were the result of scientific observations on the part of the builders. For instance, if the pyramid 484 feet high were replaced by a pole of the same height it would be useless for the purpose of observing the shadows. The six-foot-high pole of the almanak-makers of Sarawak also has a scientific reason limiting its length and shape.

PROOF THAT MEXICAN PYRAMIDS WERE USED TO LOCATE THE SEASONS BY TRACING THE SUN'S PATH OVER THE PYRAMID

PLATE 7.—The Mexican yearly cycle of eighteen months, of twenty days each, as reproduced above, registers their sixteenth month as beginning about December 16. The name of "Retreating Sun" signifies mid-winter and the emblem for that month is significantly shown in the sixteenth position as a pyramid surmounted by the double-curved sun, representing its rising in the east and its setting in the west.

CLOG (WOOD) ALMANAKS

15. The records of the early almanak-makers were in keeping with their necessarily crude methods of making observations. Their form also aided the ancient astronomers in maintaining the atmosphere of mystery with which they invested their labors. The Sarawak almanak-makers are shown marking the progress of the shadow by means of pegs stuck into the ground. The distances between these pegs are measured by sticks inscribed and notched with the sacred and secret markings of past generations of observers. These records were treasured and handed down to successive generations of almanak-makers, who were urged to faithfully discharge that annual duty which ensured adequate food supplies and the prosperity of the whole tribe. For this service the farmers paid them in kind, making the payment in proportion with the success or otherwise of the crops. This mode of payment exists today, in an altered form, in the "tithes" which are collected by the Established Church in England from tenants of certain lands.

We give an illustration of a "clog" almanak the original of which is in the British Museum. There are many examples of these ancient records in England, and they form an elaborate counterpart of the notched sticks used in Sarawak. How highly they are valued may be judged from the fact that the writer tried to buy one at an auction sale in 1905. The competing, and successful, purchaser represented a millionaire who had promised it as a present to his son on his twenty-first birthday. The writer was permitted to have a model made from the original.

16. The gradual association of almanak-making with religion is shown by the fact that the clog almanaks compiled for various districts were kept over the high altar in the church. Every Sunday the officiating priest would read from the clog to the congregation, including the farmers, the festivals and agricultural operations that were to be faithfully observed during the coming week in order to promote the welfare of the community.

One cannot but admire the spirit which moved the Church to associate the blessings of Nature with the weekly service at which the virtues of industry, good-fellowship, unselfishness and thankfulness were taught from the pulpit. In those simple communities, where the happiness of the whole depended upon the industry of every individual, there was a state of general happiness and well-being that is sadly lacking in the rushing selfishness of modern life on this continent. Something approaching it is still to be found in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland and Normandy. It is not surprising, therefore, that every effort was made to keep the secrets that compelled the whole community to frequently meet together in common interest. An explanation of the markings on the clog will be found in connection with the reproduction on Page 250.

17. For this service to the community the church was paid tithes, or a tenth part of the produce of the cultivation of the soil. In olden days the tithes were paid in kind, so much wheat, barley, oats, etc., the tenth pig, the tenth calf. Naturally under this system there were many openings for bickering between the parson and the farmer.*

Ultimately tithes were levied in the form of money payments on a scale calculated by the market price of a quarter of wheat, barley, oats, etc., the previous year. The writer, before migrating to British Columbia, had the privilege of making the necessary calculations of these amounts for the Archbishopric of York.

Although the church no longer plays a direct part in advising farmers regarding the seasons, the privilege of collecting tithes has been jealously preserved. There are many places where land is covered by an ancient deed making the payment of tithes to the church a condition of tenancy. To the general public the origin of tithes is a mystery, so all our readers will be interested in the above explanation.

(*The late Sir Richard Tangye, the famous Birmingham engineer, describes in his autobiography a hand-to-hand struggle between the vicar and his mother over a pig that was claimed as tithes. The Tangyes were Quakers, and were therefore predisposed to question the right of the vicar to collect tithes from them. —Editor.)

MAYPOLES ORIGINALLY "GNOMONS"

18. The picturesque custom of dancing round the Maypole is another modern survival of ancient astronomy and Pagan ritual. In Northern Europe "gnomons," similar to that used in Sarawak, Borneo, were used to make seasonal observations. As in the higher latitudes beyond 48 degrees north conditions were not favorable for weekly—much less daily—observations of shadows from such ordinary pole heights, the work was done about the end of April or in early May, when some clear weather could usually be relied upon. After the usefulness of locating the dates by means of shadows ceased, the worship of the Goddess Flora (Nature) was continued, and the use of the gnomon, or pole, which had been associated with this festival, was continued by the priests, as well as the collection of tithes. So the origin of the Maypole of today became obscured in the misty ages of the past. Most people in these days regard it merely as a survival of some Pagan festival.†

INDIAN METHODS OF ALMANAK-MAKING

19. Now we come to a part of the story that is of special interest to dwellers on the North American Continent. Long before the old clog almanaks were used, and farther back than history or archæology records the use of "gnomons," prehistoric man resorted to still more crude methods, like those still in use by the secretive North American Indians. The following is an account of the writer's investigations of the primitive almanak methods still employed by the Sarcee Indians located on the Indian Reserve at Calgary, Alberta.

So zealously had their secret method been preserved that neither the experienced Indian agent nor the watchful archdeacon, who together had lived more than twenty-five years amongst those old warriors, had the slightest idea that the Indians ever used any other almanak method

(†At Helston, in Cornwall, England, there is an annual festival in May called the Flora, during which the whole of the townspeople throw open their houses to permit a procession of dancers to enter at the front door and dance out at the back in their progress round the town. This is called the "Furry" dance. In the morning of that day it is the custom to go out and gather branches of the hawthorn which are just showing the new leaves.—Editor.)

than the white man's almanak which "Big Plume," the former "medicine man," had adopted, and so became a successful farmer.

That had caused jealousy and chagrin to arise in the minds of his less wise tribesmen, who still held the white man's methods in contempt—for had not the white men deprived them of their happy hunting grounds, the prairies. Therefore Big Plume, having thus, to their minds, turned traitor against their tribe, was deemed an outcast and ostracized by the Sarcees. Consequently "Bull's Head," their great old warrior chief, who had taken many scalps in the gory days before the Canadian Pacific Railway was built, had of necessity to take upon himself the onerous duties of tribal medicine man in declaring the season months of the year more privately than the ancient pontiffs and abbots used to declare them to early Europeans.

20. That tribal disagreement with "Big Plume," coupled with the fact that "Bull's Head," being ill and very old, thought that he was about to die, enabled the following record to be obtained:

Mr. Geo. Hudson, who had during more than thirty years been interpreter to the Sarcees, kindly offered to accompany me on January 25, 1908, to interpret a conversation with "Bull's Head," whose bottle of medicine we were taking. The old chief, being blind, did not notice our entrance to the room, where he reclined on a floor-bed praying, not as a Christian, but as a firm believer in the great Creator in whom the Indians earnestly believed before the white men came. That prayer, as interpreted, was both noble and impressive, he having that morning, like the patriarchs of old, divided his horses and cattle amongst his family preparatory to his anticipated departure to the "happy hunting grounds" of death.

21. But after a solemn interval the question was asked, through the interpreter, "How did the Sarcees know when to sow grain and tobacco before the white men came?"

"Bull's Head" snortingly replied, "By the Indian's own way!"

After being asked to explain that Indian way of locating the seasons, he expressed surprise at any white man coming, prepared to believe that Indian ways were any good. The simple idea that Indian methods were worthy of the white man's consideration, when interpreted, seemed to animate the old warrior with renewed life

PLATE 8.—Ancient Mexican yearly cycle of eighteen months, showing the use of their pyramids by east and west sun curves. Study of the various almanak methods devised by different races throughout the world demonstrates that whilst all were inexorably compelled by Nature to locate their seasons by observing the apparent movement of the sun, each race had inevitably during its earlier generations to devise its own method. Most of the tropical and near-tropical races had to adopt the shadow method shown in Plate 5. The best knowledge of the year was too valuable for one race to tell to its competitors, hence the writer, after noting the direct observation indications of the truncated pyramids of Mexico, submits that it is futile for speculative theorists to urge that the Mexicans derived their methods from the Egyptians, when they evidently found it by direct observation themselves, as their unique calendar stone indicates.

PLATE 9.—The Sarcee interpreter holding the "pussy" willow almanak sticks, which had been given to Mr. Cotsworth by Bull's Head. The strange objects hung on the line are the entrails of cattle being dried to form skins for sausages.

and interest. Partly raising himself, he declared that Indians knew the seasons before the white men.

He was then asked when the Sarcees began their old Indian year, but could not locate the time nearer than that it began with the great Sun Dance, which was held during the first quarter of the new moon following the first thunder of God after the winter snow had melted away—i.e., about April, when the spring thunder and rain begin.

22. He detailed how on that eventful morning the tribe assembled to watch for the sunrise, when the chosen virgin of the tribe (like the European May Queen) cried out directly the sun was half-disked on the horizon four prayers to the north, south, east and west points, and after declaring herself pure in life, promising to be truthful always, took the oath to the sun, and was then fastened in a wicker cage painted with the colors of the sun, yellow and red. In that she had to remain three days fasting, during which she was in complete authority over the tribe, who were feasting and dancing the sun dances around the pole, which they then erected and were required to maintain erect during three months till all the crops were sown.

During the three sacred days the virgin had to wear the "holy hat" and refrain from washing and scratching, always being in the cage. Throughout those three days the spring sun dances were kept up, whilst the "medicine man" led the songs for each dance, blessing the sun and saying "O Creator! have mercy on us; accept our offerings!" which were hung upon the central pole, finally praying that they might all follow up the wisdom of their forefathers.

23. "Bull's Head" was then asked why they held those dances and why they had so many varieties? He replied that they were to impress the Sarcees, especially the young people, with the importance to the tribe of due observance of the seasons, according to the moons, which he read off as interpreted below:

White Man's Name	Sarcee Indian Description of Sacred Emblems for Each Month
April	Frog Moon.
May	Sprouting of Green Leaves and Grass.
June	Egg (Duck's) Moon.
July	Moulting (Duck's) Moon.
August	Flying (Duck's) Moon.
September	Running of the Deer.
October	Fall Moon.
November	Misty Moon.
December	Clear, Frosty Moon.
January	Great Moon.
February	Eagle Moon.
March	Goose Moon.

The practical utility of the Indian names for months is significant.

24. Upon being asked how they kept records of the days in each month, "Bull's Head" replied that they always counted 30 to every month, and that it was the medicine man's duty to keep record of them by each morning taking a stick from the days-to-come bundle and adding it to the days-past bundle. Those sticks (shown in the interpreter's arm, on Plate 9) were carefully scraped twigs of the "pussy" willows, which by their silvery catkins show the first sign of the spring season.

Next he was asked whether he had any of those sticks, when he, with evident delight, leaned back on his couch, and reaching under the far side of the bed, produced two bundles, explaining that they only kept 150 sticks for five months, as their method was

to use 30 each for the first two months after the spring thunder, but the thirty for the middle (third) month they always split into two parts of 15 each, so that after the first 15 days of that moon were passed they knew that it was midsummer, and then held their greatest sun dance (about June 10 to July 10, according to the moon's range).

After that 15th day the remaining 15 days were counted, as usual, by daily withdrawing one stick from the "unused" to insert it in the "used" bundle, leaving the former to show the remaining days of the Egg (June) month.

25. The last two bundles of 30 days each served for July and August, after which the last bundle was used again for September, their sixth, or odd, month, during which the great deer hunts took place.

Afterwards the whole five bundles were used again, one for October, one for November, and the middle (third) one being again split at the 15th day to locate midwinter, when the sun floats lowest across the sky—and so forth till February ended the eleventh moon, followed by the odd twelfth Goose Moon (March), which generally seemed to be nearly a quarter of a moon longer, till about every third or fourth year the great thunder and rain seemed to be mysteriously delayed till after a thirteenth moon was counted. Then the medicine man had to hold his last bundle of 30 to count over a second time, as the great spirit required that repetition to make them remember.

26. Therefore the chief, with the medicine man and elders of the tribe, knew that it was advisable to repeat the dances for the whole series of twelve moons each springtime to impress their usefulness upon the minds of the growing generation. With that object the dances were made attractive, not only by bringing young and adult people together in joyous revelry, but by further using ornamental head-dresses and emblems distinctly hung upon the central sun pole during each of the twelve spring festival dances.

Upon being asked where those emblems were, "Bull's Head" replied that "Big Plume," their old medicine man, still kept them secreted, because when a young man he had given lots of horses and cattle for the privilege of holding that high office over the tribe, and as the tribe had become poor they could not raise sufficient to buy them back.

He added that "Big Plume" had the emblems for each dance and month in the sacred bag made of hide, but would not be able to show it to anybody, not even a red man, till the great thunder of spring, when it took three days to open it, according to the traditions of the red men, as a distinct ceremony should precede the production of each, though "Big Plume" had not exercised due care and dignity in displaying them to the tribesmen each spring.

THE OLD SQUAW DANCES WITH DELIGHT

27. Being requested, through the interpreter, to explain those dances, the old warrior, "Bull's Head"—whose name was probably derived from his massive head and great breadth of chest, denoting great strength—brightened up and began chanting the words sung at those great dances held so beneficially during his youth. The weird, wavy, musical notes recalled those happy days to his squaw, who had been deeply interested in the conversation passed through Mr. Hudson. She, though very aged and haggard in appearance, rose to her feet, and joining in the song led by "Bull's Head," began to trip and twirl about the floor in such grotesque gyrations, representing their old dances, that it was difficult for the writer to refrain from laughing, when all was taken so literally by them and the second Squaw present. The stiff efforts towards making what should have been graceful twists and curves were, with the squeaky voice of the Squaw, very comical.

They all seemed so happy and pleased that any white man could appreciate good in their tribal ways that "Bull's Head" offered to give the writer the five bundles of almanak day-recording sticks, and Mr. Hudson most kindly presented the horns of the last buffalo killed by the tribe, and a piece of the last elk's horn they had found.

28. Leaving those aged Indians happy by simple appreciation and the gift of some almanak signs on literature, the next evidence sought was to discover and, if possible, see the "sacred bag" secluded by the wily "Big Plume," who lived about sixteen miles away.

We found that "Big Plume" had some unjust grudge against the interpreter, who therefore could not be used just then, so the Rev. Archdeacon Tims (who had resided on the Sarcee Reserve about twenty-five

PLATE 10.—Big Plume's squaw disclosing the Sarcee's sacred bag, containing the festive emblems for the respective months of each year as described in paragraph 31.

years conducting a mission) very kindly undertook to go as interpreter with the writer.

On arrival at the medicine man's ranch we cautiously questioned "Big Plume" concerning the sacred bag, which he first declined all knowledge of, but on being told that we had come direct from "Bull's Head's" place to see it, he very reluctantly and evasively replied that it was absolutely impossible for any person to be allowed to see it, except Indians, during the great three days' festival after the spring thunder.

29. As the month of January was passing, all Indians must patiently wait till then. White men could not be allowed to see it.

But as the writer had to go to Europe there was no possibility of his being present, even if disguised as an Indian. So, after a tedious harangue to test "Big Plume's" vulnerability, the writer, having noticed the elaborate defence of "Big Plume"—who held that bad luck would follow the tribe if any white man saw the contents of the sacred bag—suggested that no harm could result from letting the faithful archdeacon, as the twenty-five years' trusted adviser of the tribe, see the "outside" of the bag. To that extent he relented, and brought forth the precious bag, at which we were privileged to peep, whilst he explained that it contained the old flint arrowheads and other relics of the tribe, along with the emblems.

30. The writer's previous experience amongst the wily Arabs in Syria, and other tribes in America, led him to ask whether "Big Plume" (who was known as being keen to earn dollars) believed that bad results would come to him and his tribe if a stranger looked in, found the bag, and simply looked at the emblems whilst he and his family were away. He thought not.

He next was asked what harm could result if, while he was asleep, his squaw took the bag outside to dust the emblems in order to preserve them, when, say, the archdeacon and writer might be coming round the corner of his house and see the emblems —especially if "Big Plume," on waking, should realize the happy dream that some then useful dollar notes had been mysteriously found for his benefit, as the result of that privilege of seeing the bag and its contents?

He seemed to like the idea of the dollar notes coming so easily; could not see that much harm would result if he did not order the bag to be taken out. In fact, his squaw had to do that when cleaning the house and airing the bed on fine, sunny days. He feigned weariness, and said that he was prepared to go to sleep then and there, whilst his squaw knew her housekeeping part of the business.

CONTENTS OF THE SACRED BAG DISCLOSED BY THE SQUAW

31. She certainly did, and plainly intimated that, while he was going to have the easy part by going to sleep (or pretending to), she should have some dollars for her own use, because she would be taking the responsibility of disclosing the contents of the bag to our gaze.

After a little bargaining, the dollars asked for were agreed upon, provided that she would give the writer the black-stone pipe she was smoking—after being photographed smoking it whilst holding the bag exposed, as shown in the photo.

RED INDIANS COULD NOT FIND THE LENGTH OF THE YEAR BY MOON COUNTS

32. The most important fact gathered during those searches for almanak records amongst the Sarcees and other American Indians, in both the United States and Canada, is that until missionaries brought the European almanaks for their use they had not been able to find out for themselves any fixed register closer than 29½ days' range

of new moons from fixed dates, by which they might have located the true commencement of the seasons to gain better crops, etc.

Though their ancestors had during many centuries developed a higher civilization than the now demoralized type of Indian experiences, having formerly well-established trading routes over 3,000 miles long, from the St. Lawrence into the Northwest Territories, their abundance of animal and fish foods had tended to keep them simply as nomadic hunters and pastoral tribes for whose guidance the rough approximations of the seasons by lunar months sufficed, so long as they were so sparsely scattered over the vast prairies, fishing and hunting areas.

The commencement of their years varied almost exactly, as the church years beginning with Easter have foolishly been so long oscillated between the 22nd of March and the 25th of April, so that during the ecclesiastical year ending Easter, 1907, there were only 50 Sundays, whereas during the next (1908) year 55 Sundays intervened, and the collections were so much larger; but 1909, with 51 Sundays, showed a corresponding shrinkage—because Easter was allowed to drift backwards and forwards with the moon.

COUNTING BY FIVES WAS UNIVERSAL

33. Peculiar interest attaches to the continuance of the method of counting in "fives" by the Red Indians, as that original count by the four fingers and thumb was universally applied by all primitive races, and is still used as the "four bars and crosscut" gate-count still applied in tallying the loading and unloading of shipping all over the world.

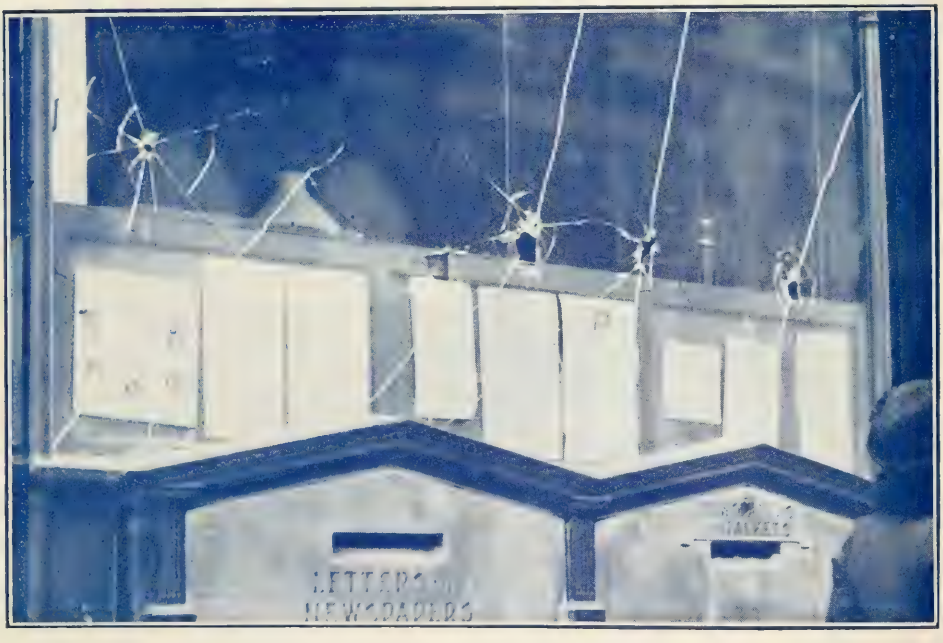
BIBLE AGES OF MEN ONLY EQUALLED OUR LIVES IN LENGTH

34. The further combination of that five months, with the odd month counted between, is most interesting, because it confirms the solution of the Bible ages of the patriarchs (*vide* the Pink Section of the "Rational Almanak"), proving that their lives were first counted by single moons, then by five-moon "years" from Noah to Jacob, who found the six months (half-years) breeding seasons the Israelites used until the exodus, when Moses gave them the twelve months' year he had found the supreme advantage of in Egypt. From that time all patriarchal ages agree with our well-known 70 years' average range of long lives.

THE following extract from a letter by Mr. I. N. Bond, of Bond & Ricketts, Vancouver, is of interest. Mr. Bond is on a trip round the world, and dates his letter from Sumatra. He says: "What impressed me very much was being able to read the 'British Columbia Magazine,' which we found in the Hotel der Nederlanden, Batavia, Java. It was a god-send and impressed several Americans, who were at the same hotel, with the 'Vancouver spirit.'"

KING GEORGE AT A FOOTBALL MATCH

Now that he is King he takes the same keen interest in football that he did when he was Prince of Wales. Our photograph shows His Majesty receiving the players at the match between the Army and Navy.



"THE MONSTROUS REGIMENT OF WOMEN"

Many people think these words of stern old John Knox may well be applied to the militant suffragettes. This is one of the windows smashed recently in Regent Street, in the West End of London. One of the Women's Suffrage societies has published a protest against the more vigorous methods of the followers of Mrs. Pankhurst.

The Peace River Country

THE EL DORADO OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

By L. M. Bower

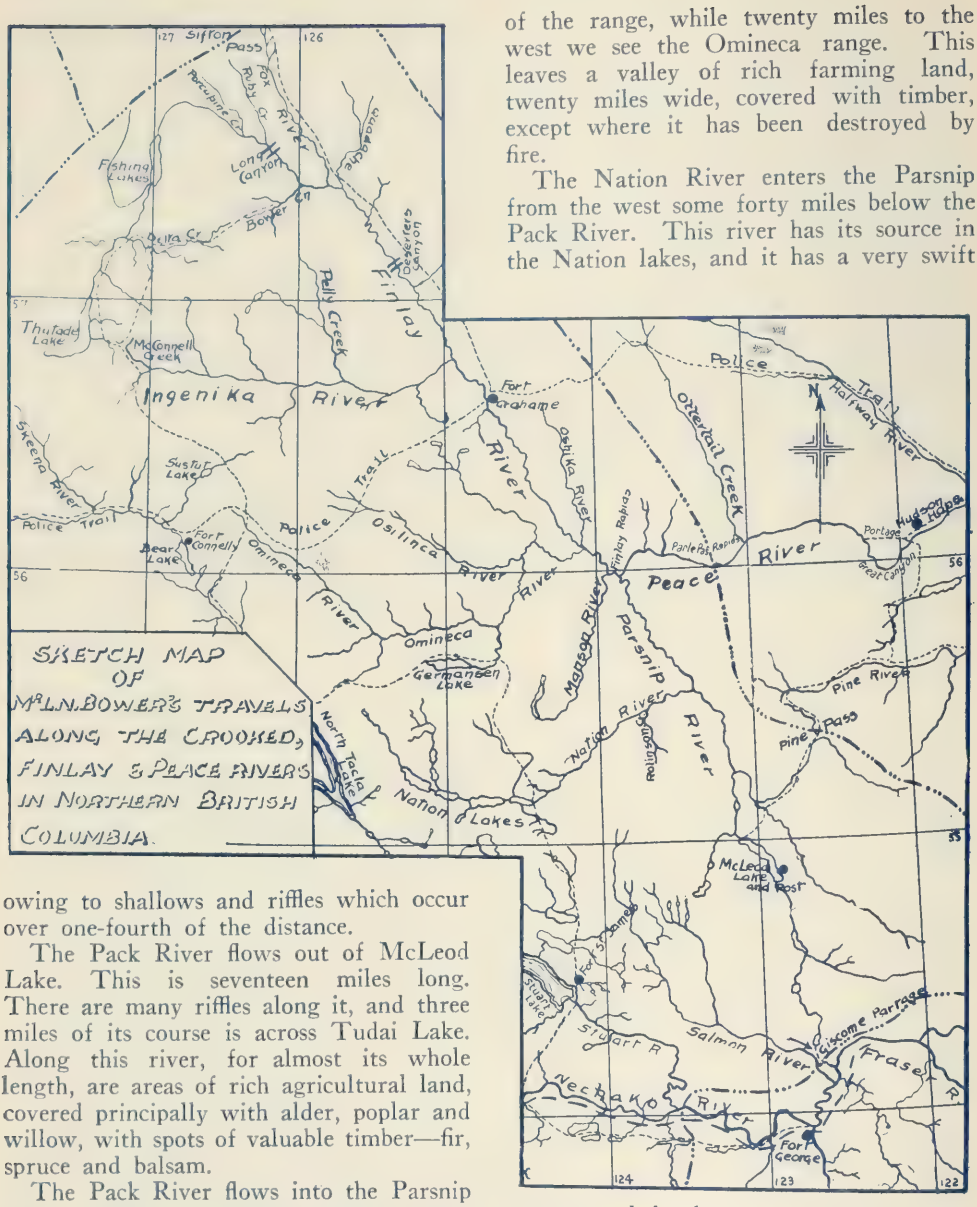
EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. L. M. Bower, who after much persuasion has written this article for the readers of the British Columbia Magazine, is a well-known prospector. He has spent ten years in the country that he describes in these notes. It would be impossible for him to condense within the limits of a magazine article the many interesting and exciting experiences he had during that time. The following bare outline serves to convey to the public some glimpses of the vast natural wealth of the Peace River country west of the Rockies. The simple and direct language which Mr. Bower uses will be greatly appreciated by those who are tired of the flamboyant word-painting attempted by persons whose experience of the unexplored bush is either second-hand or of very short duration. Mr. Bower is one of the unassuming path-finders and trail-blazers who, like the prophet, is often without honor in his own country. Future generations will honor the memory of these silent, self-effacing pioneers, with their big hearts, quiet courage and great daring. When British Columbia has millions where today she counts her thousands, all enjoying the wealth to which such men are pointing the way, she will perhaps erect a worthy monument on her high places that will be even more typical of these men and their colossal labors than the heroic memorial that marks the resting-place of the creator of South Africa, Cecil Rhodes, amongst the silences of the bleak Matoppos Hills.

VERY little is really known of the much - discussed Peace River country, which is destined to be the richest part of the Province of British Columbia. These notes are the accumulations of ten years of travel through the part of the country shown in the accompanying map. The most important feature of this country is the network of waterways upon which for a great many years the development of that area must depend. The proposed railways will, of course, serve to open up the valleys to a great extent, but the waterways will have to serve as feeders to these lines of steel.

Forty miles up the Fraser from Fort George a portage of eight miles at Giscombe brings one in view of Summit Lake, one of the head waters of the mighty Peace River. It is, roughly, ten miles by five in extent, and flows into the Crooked River. This stream is really a series of tortuous watercourses linking up Perry, Sucker, Horseshoe, Davis, Redbank, Kerry and McLeod lakes. Davis, Kerry and McLeod lakes are of considerable size and depth, Kerry being four miles by one mile, Davis six miles by four, and McLeod eighteen miles by four to four and a half. These lakes and watercourses abound with fish. I have known 160 rainbow trout to be taken out of one spot on Crooked River as quickly as they could be removed from the hook.

From Summit Lake to McLeod Lake post is a distance of about eighty miles, and the waterway as a whole is only navigable by canoes and shallow-draught boats,

MR. L. M. BOWER



owing to shallows and riffles which occur over one-fourth of the distance.

The Pack River flows out of McLeod Lake. This is seventeen miles long. There are many riffles along it, and three miles of its course is across Tudai Lake. Along this river, for almost its whole length, are areas of rich agricultural land, covered principally with alder, poplar and willow, with spots of valuable timber—fir, spruce and balsam.

The Pack River flows into the Parsnip River. This is navigable throughout the season by boats drawing two feet of water. There are no serious obstacles encountered. (Travelling down this river a hundred miles we come to its junction with the Finlay River, which unites with it to form the Peace.) When we enter the Parsnip River from the Pack, the Rocky Mountain range can be seen about twenty miles to the east. As we travel downstream the river draws toward the mountains, until at the mouth we are practically at the foot of the range, while twenty miles to the west we see the Omineca range. This leaves a valley of rich farming land, twenty miles wide, covered with timber, except where it has been destroyed by fire.

The Nation River enters the Parsnip from the west some forty miles below the Pack River. This river has its source in the Nation lakes, and it has a very swift current and is about twenty yards wide. A series of canyons render navigation impracticable. This river was the scene of a gold rush twenty years ago. The bars abound with fine gold, and they have been worked from time to time by prospectors with "rockers."

Robinson Creek, flowing into the Nation River about 60 miles from the mouth, has been the scene of much prospecting, and many "old-timers" still have great faith in the creek. Coarse gold is found

A CABIN ON M'CONNELL CREEK. THE STRUCTURE ON THE RIGHT IS A "CACHE" WHICH MR. BOWER BUILT TO KEEP PART OF HIS SUPPLY OF PROVISIONS. ALTHOUGH THESE "CACHES" ARE LEFT UNPROTECTED FOR MONTHS THEY ARE NEVER BROKEN OPEN, EXCEPT OCCASIONALLY BY INDIANS. ROBBING A "CACHE" IS A CRIME AS HEINOUS AS MURDER, IN THE BUSH.

on the surface, but no one has been able to sink a pit to bedrock, on account of the difficulty of handling the water without machinery. It is impossible at the present time to take machinery in, owing to the meagre means of transportation. The junction of the Parsnip and the Finlay, where the Peace River begins, is known as Finlay Forks. The Finlay is approximately 300 miles long, about 200 miles of which are navigable for river boats drawing three feet of water.

This river has its source in Lake Thutade, a beautiful body of water as clear as crystal, about fifty miles long and from two to four miles wide. It is L-shaped and situated between 57 and 58 degrees north latitude and 126 and 127 degrees longitude. It is at an altitude of 4,000 feet and is surrounded by majestic mountains.

On the west side is a mountain, at the summit of which is a tableland as level as a prairie for miles, and 2,000 feet above the lake. This is of sedimentary formation and looks favorable for coal prospects. On the south side of the lake the mountains are more or less conglomerate. The lake is fed

LAKE THUTADE, THE SOURCE OF THE FINLAY RIVER, AND ONE OF THE HEADWATERS OF THE PEACE RIVER

THE GREAT FALLS ON THE FINLAY RIVER, WHICH MR. BOWER CONSIDERS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SPOT HE HAS EVER SEEN

by several large creeks, which all carry fine gold.

If you will accompany me down the Finlay I will try to describe some of the features I have observed in my travels through that country since 1902. In 1907 A. M. Irish and I made the trip up and back the full length of the river by canoe. (In 1908 we accompanied Mr. Robertson, the Provincial Mineralogist, but on that occasion we deviated from the river, using a route I had followed in 1905. See Minister of Mines' Report, 1908.) After leaving Lake Thutade the river takes a northerly course and is about forty feet wide. The bed is composed of boulders from one to ten feet in diameter. We pass through two gates cut through the rock. About four miles down are the Great Falls, or, as I christened them, the Cascadero Falls.

MR. DUNLEVY'S CABIN ON THE INGENIKA. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: C. FULLMORE, L. M. BOWER AND TONY MANARD

These falls are 40 feet high and the water is divided by a rock jutting out in the middle. The right half is a horseshoe fall with a perpendicular drop, which sends up spray higher than the top of the fall itself. The left half slides down an inclined plane and looks like a moving sheet of white glass.

At the bottom is a deep pool, in the middle of which stands a high pyramid of rock. It is the most beautiful sight I have ever seen, and I doubt if it is surpassed in the whole American continent. The timber here is mostly scrub, spruce and balsam.

Beyond the falls the river proceeds toward the northwest and is an almost continuous cataract of broken white water for about ten miles. Here a river enters it, carrying more water than the Finlay itself. The course again changes to northeast. The character of the river also changes. It becomes less swift and the wash is less. The mountains are about ten miles away on either side. The intervening land is in the form of high benches. Ten miles farther down, the river cuts a strata of rose-colored granite running north and south. To the northwest is a red mountain having the appearance of iron oxide. The mountains are smooth and rounded in contour. Five miles lower we encountered a small rapid with a narrow side channel, through which we took the canoe. Delta Creek is some fifteen miles farther down. This comes into the river from the east by means of three channels that form the delta. Here there is a large quantity of fine and flake gold, and just below the mouth

THIS IS THE CABIN AT THE LOWER END OF LONG CANYON THAT MR. BOWER AND MR. IRISH REACHED AFTER THEIR ADVENTUROUS VOYAGE. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS MR. BOWER BUILDING A FLAT-BOTTOMED BOAT WHICH WAS USED BY MR. ROBERTSON, THE PROVINCIAL MINERALOGIST, ON HIS TRIP IN 1908.

of the creek some splendid prospects are to be found. The river at this point is swift and the banks are low, with a growth of alder and spruce. It is good moose ground, and we saw much evidence of beaver. The river bends again to the north a mile farther on, and continues this course for twenty-five miles. For ten miles it flows against the base of the mountains on the east, while on the west is a valley two miles wide. Here another large river enters from the northwest. This comes down from the mountains and carries a large quantity of fine gold. I was up this river for twenty miles, and the farther up I went the better were the prospects. There was also good evidence of copper and galena in the "float." I was very much disappointed that, through lack of provisions, I was unable to follow up such splendid indications of a rich mining country.

The valley now widens to about six miles across for fifteen miles, with many fine meadows, and grass growing as tall as a man. The intervening spaces are covered with alder and willow. Many wild animals make this their summer home. The soil is of the best kind of black loam, eminently suitable for stock ranching. The mountains to the west run up to many sharp peaks 7,000 to 8,000 feet high. They carry several small glaciers. For another five miles the river is broken up into many channels by islands. Now for about ten miles the river widens out into a lake and the current is hardly perceptible. There are a number of small lakes on either hand of various sizes. I counted five lakes on

MR. BOWER PANNING IN THE INGENIKA. $10 WORTH OF GOLD PER DAY CAN BE TAKEN OUT BY THIS ROUGH METHOD

FALLS ON THE INGENIKA. THE FLUME IN THE FOREGROUND WAS BUILT IN 1909, WHEN THERE WAS SOME GOLD TAKEN OUT

one side and three on the other. One of them was three miles long and half a mile wide. They are called the Fishing Lakes, owing to the abundance of all kinds of fish in them. At the foot of these still waters is a grave. We buried an old partner there who had died while hunting. We found his body on the river bank.

The saddest day of my life was that on which we joined poor Ed. Coffin, who left his home and his kindred in company with us two, who afterwards dug his grave and were the only mourners at his funeral in the bush. Leaving these sad associations, we follow the bend of the river to the east, where it cuts through a solid rock formation. Four miles below the lakes we came to a canyon two miles long that compelled us to make a portage. At this point we lost our canoe, which is a very serious matter in such a country. Two creeks, with their mouths only twenty feet apart, come in at different angles from a westerly direction three miles down.

Next we came to a rapid, which we ran at great risk. The river now bears more to the east. After four miles of good water we were stalled by a canyon and another rapid that compelled us to make a portage. The mouth of Porcupine Creek was reached after following the river due east for five miles. This is a large creek with good prospects. All of this was formerly well timbered, except the mountain tops. During the last six years, however, this timber has been almost totally destroyed by fire. Unless some steps are taken to protect from fire the timber that remains in this country, every stick will disappear. This timber will be a most valuable asset when the mineral deposits are located and when transportation opens up the country. Most of this destruction is due to Indians, who have a mania for setting forest fires. The more they are remonstrated with, the more timber they are inclined to burn. They ask you what you are going to do about it. They say the country is not theirs and they don't care if the timber is burnt or not. If an

example were made of a few of them the trouble would cease.

Ruby Creek enters the Finlay from the north, a distance of five miles below this spot. I found the largest piece of gold on this creek that I have yet come across in this district. There are plenty of good prospects. Another creek entering Ruby Creek carries garnets as big as filberts.

From here the river begins to bear more to the south, and the valley again widens into gravel benches. Twelve miles down, the river enters Long Canyon. Before reaching the entrance to the canyon there is a basin containing 200 acres of the finest kind of grass. There is a pass out of the basin to Fox River, a distance of fourteen miles. The best way to get horses into this country is through this pass. The country is all a big bed of grass, and the soil has the appearance of being deposited by a large glacier.

The canyon is about twenty miles long and the river has cut through the rock in a southerly direction. The gateway is about twenty feet high on either side. The Indians warned me not to attempt to go through the canyon, as no one had ever succeeded in an attempt, and the chances were that I should be swept away and drowned. However, when Irish and I came to this point we had not tasted anything but meat and fish for over six months, and we had some provisions in a cabin at the other end of the canyon. I suppose this fact led us to try the trip, in spite of the Indians' warning. We drifted down some distance into the boiling, swirling torrent, in a little Peterborough canoe we had built after we lost our first one. By hard work and quick judgment, followed by quicker action, we got about seven miles, when we heard a terrific roaring ahead. With difficulty we landed under the precipitous sides and went forward warily to have a look. We saw a succession of falls and rapids, over which the river dropped fifteen feet in 200 yards. It was impossible to run it, but fortunately there was a chance of making a portage. After taking our supplies and canoe over, we started again, tossed hither and thither so violently that we had to land many times to regain our breath, look ahead, and bale out the canoe. Each time we started off again we were buffeted this way and that, with the spray drenching us to the skin. There was a cold head wind and the air was full of snow. At last, to our great relief, just at dusk we espied our cabin and clambered painfully ashore, with teeth chattering, and trembling in every limb. It seemed ages before we could get a fire going. After that task was completed we had some food and set to work to kill the bush rats that had taken possession of our cabin. It was not long before we fell into the deep slumber we so sorely needed.

Steamers will be able to run up the river to this point, which is some 230 miles from the mouth. The river has only one bad place in that distance, namely, Deserter's Canyon. This is ninety-five miles up from the mouth, but it is not as bad as the Fort George canyon on the Fraser, which is now being regularly navigated.

Three miles below our cabin, Bower Creek enters the river from the west. It forks about ten miles from its mouth, the tributaries coming from opposite directions. The creek carries a few fine colors, but no prospect, while on the side of the river directly opposite the creek is a bar, from which $1,400 was taken in 1896 or 1897. Some of the prospects run as high as twenty-five cents to the pan.

Here the foot of the mountains on the east side are three miles away. The intervening country consists of gravel benches. A curious thing at this point is a big creek that comes out of the mountains and disappears without reaching the river. The river here bears to the east. About eighteen miles farther down it is exactly due east. The mountains now come down close to the water on either side, the river virtually cutting through them. On the north side is a mountain some seven or eight thousand feet high. This is named on some maps as Mount Finlay. From this mountain a view of the whole Finlay Valley may be obtained. The scene is well worth miles of travel and the hard climb. At the foot of this mountain Mr. T. H. Endicott and I built a cabin and wintered in 1904-1905. The Fox River, heading in Sifton Pass, enters the Finlay four miles below our cabin. This is the beginning of the Finlay Valley proper. The valley is four miles wide and extends up Sifton Pass at an elevation of 3,100 feet. If ever a railroad is built to the north to open up the Yukon west of the Rockies, this will be the most practicable

THE JUNCTION OF THE FINLAY AND PARSNIP RIVERS TO FORM THE MIGHTY PEACE RIVER

route. It is not only practical, but almost a natural grade from the Fraser to the Yukon. From here the river flows east across the valley for four miles to where the Quadache River, sometimes called the White River, enters from the northeast. This is a glacier-fed stream, and the water is almost always white or muddy. From here down the fish in the Finlay become scarcer, and those that are caught are not of the same healthy-looking variety that we got above this point.

The river now takes its natural course toward the southeast through a fine fertile valley, some sections of which are heavily timbered with spruce. Other sections are open, with poplar and luxuriant grasses. There are also a few small lakes and swamps.

The Ackieca River comes in from the northeast forty miles down. This is a good-sized stream, the headwaters of which abound in game—mountain sheep and goats, cariboo, moose, bear and marmot. It is the favorite hunting ground of the Indians, and the name signifies "fat." The head of this river has never been explored by white men, although it is known to contain rich mineral deposits, such as silver, copper and lead. There is also supposed to be a deposit of tin in this country. I have seen many samples brought out by Indians, and they were all richly mineralized. I got one sample from the southwest border of this belt that assayed $210 to the ton for copper at the Provincial Mineral Assay Office. The head of this river is the backbone, as it were, of this country. The Ackieca, Pusaca, Ospica, Halfway and Nelson rivers all head here and flow in different directions.

Directly opposite the mouth of the Ackieca, on the west side, is a limestone mountain, which stands out boldly from the range and forms a landmark that can be seen from almost any part of the valley.

The Pusaca enters the river ten miles farther down. This river parallels the Ackieca, but is a smaller and shorter stream. Just below the mouth of the Pusaca is Deserter's Canyon, mentioned above. This is half a mile long, with a bend in it. In one place it has a big rock in the middle. I consider it can be navi-

gated by a steamer as it is now, but at a very little cost it can be improved immensely. The formation is partly conglomerate and partly impure limestone.

The Ingenika enters the Finlay fifteen miles below the canyon, and from the west, 160 miles up its course, is McConnell Creek, the scene of the Ingenika gold rush of 1908-1909. Here ground was worked that gave an ounce of gold per day per man ($18.70 per ounce). It had to be given up, however, because of the excessive cost of getting in supplies. Goods had to be packed in on horseback over a bad trail from Hazelton, 260 miles away. In the winter the freighting had to be done by dog teams. The gravel for the full length of the river is full of fine gold. On the bars at the lower end of the river I have made ten dollars a day off the surface, when I had to dip the water out of the river to wash. It is an ideal dredging ground of fine gravel, easily handled. In all my travels in the Yukon I never saw anything to equal this for dredging. The fall in the river and the numerous streams coming out of the mountain side will furnish abundant power for a head for hydraulics. If we get a cheaper means of transportation, I look to see the whole of the Ingenika Valley develop into a great gold camp. This valley has also much fine spruce timber and splendid agricultural land. From here down to its mouth the Finlay Valley is full of good timber.

Twenty miles below the Ingenika is Fort Grahame. This Hudson's Bay Company's post was established thirty-five years ago. Goods are taken in there each year *via* the Hazelton route and traded to the Indians for furs. The trade is almost exclusively with the Indians by bartering, and there is hardly ever a dollar of real money passed. The post has been managed by Mr. William Fox for the last seventeen years, and I would like to take this opportunity to place on record that a more thorough, upright and conscientious man it would be hard to find. Many a prospector has to thank Mr. Fox for kindnesses that are all the more appreciated when given so far away from civilization.

The Royal Northwestern Mounted Police trail from St. John to Hazelton crosses the river at this point. Thirty miles down from here the formation changes. Onward all the way to the mouth there is a clay deposit.

Forty-four miles from here the Aspica River enters, and on this river some prospects have been located during the past year. The Omineca River is encountered a mile farther down on the west. Mining has been in progress on this river for thirty years, in spite of the fact that all supplies have to be packed in from Hazelton, a distance of 160 miles.

The Stranger River enters the Omineca fifteen miles upstream. I have seen many samples from this country, and I am convinced that there is a rich mineral country there. A piece of float picked up on this creek showed much free gold to the naked eye. The lead has never been found. In fact, there has been no prospecting done, and but few white men have ever seen more than a small portion of the river. Pete Toy, a Cornish miner, is reputed to have taken out $30,000 worth of gold at the bar named after him, thirty years ago. It is situated on the right bank of the Finlay, fifteen miles down from the mouth of the Omineca. Toy is supposed to have been drowned in the Little Canyon on the Omineca. Traces of the work done at that time may still be seen.

In the bend of the river near the bar is a flat of 600 acres. It is covered with open poplar and luxuriant grasses. This is good agricultural land and would make a fine site for ranching. The Finlay Forks are now only three miles down. This is the natural centre towards which the whole district gravitates.

All this vast territory, of which I have given the barest outline, is well timbered, except the mountain tops and the places where there have been forest fires. If you take into consideration that 90 per cent. of the timber is suitable for pulp, being principally spruce and balsam, you will gain a faint idea of the pulp possibilities. Transportation is all that is necessary to tap this colossal wealth.

All these great streams converge at Finlay Forks, which is an ideal site for a pulp mill. There is a good basin to hold the timber, and water-power within ten miles sufficient to supply the needs of a city of 500,000 people.

The timber as it now stands is practically valueless. With efficient transportation facilities, pulp could be made here to

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S POST AT FORT GRAHAME

supply the eastern markets. I want to urge very emphatically that steps should be taken to preserve this timber, which is a great national asset. At the present rate of destruction a few years will see the whole country barren of timber. Is it not worth while to spend a few thousands of dollars to preserve these millions of dollars' worth of natural product? As I have said before, the Indians delight in the spectacle of a forest fire and a "big smoke." If you point out that he is destroying the fur animals, he laughs and says it is not his country. He will say "Too much stick no good. Bum stick. Injun go far. Some day by-and-bye plenty moose come."

Then there is the careless prospector, who is here today and gone tomorrow, always with a desire to see the country cleared of timber. We also have the pre-emptor who wishes to see the surrounding country cleared, as well as his pre-emption. Therefore, if we wish to preserve this timber, we must have someone on the spot with authority to deal with the offenders and to make others more careful.

While there are some 3,000,000 acres of good agricultural land in this country, the great wealth is undoubtedly in the minerals. At Mount Selwyn, below the Finlay Forks, is a mountain of quartz. Various reports put the value from two to forty dollars a ton. There are sixty fifteen-hundred-foot claims here that are only waiting for transportation to start working. There is also a quartz and placer district to the east of the junction of the Pack and Parsnip rivers, the extent of which has never been estimated.

The Nation, Omineca, Stranger, Ingenika, Finlay and an unnamed river coming from the west, are all rich in minerals. Transportation will also open up a vast mineral country extending from between the head of the Nelson and Finlay rivers to the Fox River. This will undoubtedly be the richest mineral country in this great mineral province. The revenues from it will pay to build, not one, but many railroads, and the Government would be more than justified in spending thousands of dollars in opening this land up for the prospector and miner. It will be asked why so little is known of this El Dorado, and why it has not been developed, if there were men through there thirty years ago. The answer is that not even a prospector can exist there without supplies, and the only means of getting them is too difficult and costly. When you realize that it takes a prospector all the summer months to get in his supplies for the next winter and summer, you will have some idea of the need for transportation. Often when he has wintered in the bush the spring finds him, like Mother Hubbard, with his cupboard bare. That is why it is impossible to prospect in this wonderful country under present conditions.

It is not practicable to use horses for packing in this country, as you have to cut your own trails, and progress is slow. At the end of the season you would find you had not travelled far. Then the great problem of wintering your horses would face you. A prospector must, therefore, take his pack on his back and blaze his own trail. After he has spent five or ten years at this life he returns to civilization, or civilization comes to him, and the first man he meets demands a "poll tax." A tax for what? The air he breathes? Or the privilege of being alive after all his hardships?

You are told it is needed because they must have money to build schools or roads in Lower British Columbia. They tell a man this who has been hacking his own roads out of the bush for years. You, who have made hundreds of miles of trails for others to follow, and for which you have never been paid a dollar! (We learn that it is the intention of the Government to abolish this tax at the earliest possible moment. It was originally imposed because there was a great floating population in British Columbia enjoying the

facilities and the protection provided by the Government when there was very little in the Treasury and a great deal of expense being incurred. — Editor *B. C. Magazine.*)

At Finlay Forks, where the Parsnip River flows in from the south and the Finlay from the north, the mighty Peace River begins—the Peace, with all her great wealth, fascinating traditions and wondrous beauty.

One and a half mile below the Finlay Forks are the Finlay Rapids. At some periods it is safe to run these in a canoe. A steamboat may safely run them at any time, but it would be a great advantage to navigation if some of the rocks were removed.

After passing the rapids we enter the mountains, which are of majestic beauty. The great stream bathes their feet in her placid waters, and we are borne along smoothly and rapidly on her broad bosom. There is nothing to do but to admire the manifold works of Nature. It fills one with amazement that such a peaceful flood could have carved a way for itself through such a seemingly insurmountable barrier as the range presents to the eye. Lovers of the out-of-doors will gaze with delight on the lofty peaks, with their beautiful outlines and variety of color. You may be so absorbed that you will need to be warned of the danger ahead, about forty miles down. Here are the Parle Pas Rapids, which can be run on the left side of the stream. If you are inexperienced in rough water you had better land and drop your canoe down by means of a line. At this point we have passed through the principal range of mountains and are now amongst the foothills which continue to the Great Canyon, a distance of forty miles. The hills to the south are well timbered, and to the north they present a vista of rolling grass-covered land. They are all beautiful, and some of them are exceptionally so.

If you get drawn into the jaws of the Great Canyon there will be no hope for you. Not even a log has passed through this mysterious channel and come out intact. The portage that you must make here will be twelve miles long and will take you across a chord of the river which makes a bend of thirty miles. You come to the river again at Hudson's Hope. At present there is only a pack trail across this portage, and a wagon road is badly needed. This would not present any difficulty once a rise of some four or five hundred feet at either end had been surmounted. The trail then passes through an undulating country that is thinly timbered with small poplar. This road should be built with an eye to the future, as it will be an important highway as long as the waters of the Peace flow.

At Hudson's Hope and around the headwaters of the Lower Peace there is a big bed of anthracite coal of splendid quality, which extends for 75 miles. From Hudson's Hope we have 550 miles of good navigable water, on which steamers are now running to Vermilion.

It is estimated that there are 55,000,000 acres of the best wheat land in the Peace River country east of the mountains. The country is open and easily cleared. Much of it, indeed, is now ready for the plough.

I have before pointed out the importance of the waterways, but I feel that I must emphasize the fact. With two tram roads, one over Giscombe Portage, eight miles long, and another over the Mountain of Rocks Portage, twelve miles long, improvements to Crooked River that would not cost more than would two miles of railroad, and a steamboat plying on the Parsnip and Upper Peace River, we should have 1,000 miles of excellent transportation by water and land that would connect the Fraser River with Fort Vermilion and all the Lower Peace country. This would open up the greatest mineral and wheat country in Western Canada.

I suggest that the Government send someone to go over the route and estimate the cost of such an improvement. Wherever the outlet of this country is to be situated, whether it be at Vancouver or across the prairies through Edmonton, a flood of wealth will be directed that will outrival anything that has yet been seen in this Dominion.

Wiping out the Buffalo.

IT is commonly supposed that there are no buffaloes in Canada today, except those in captivity in the Government parks. Our readers will therefore be interested to learn that there are a considerable number of these picturesque beasts roaming in a wild state in the valleys of the Peace and Athabaska. These are estimated to number 450 head. Mr. Bryan Williams, the provincial game warden, also informs us that he has reason to believe that there are a number of wild buffaloes in the Cassiar district of British Columbia. He has several reports to the effect that wood buffaloes have been seen there quite recently, and the Indians of that country tell stories of hunting "musk ox." It is more than probable, however, that they hunted buffaloes, as the musk ox does not come so far south as that country. There are unfortunately no skins preserved to prove whether the Indians hunted buffaloes or not.

Although the buffaloes never existed in great numbers on the western side of the Rockies, they penetrated for some distance into the province along some of the passes, notably in the neighborhood of the Elk River. Bones are frequently found at Fernie and other places in the Kootenay district.

The only herd in captivity near this coast is at Banff, in the park maintained by the Dominion Government. These animals were acquired by purchase. As there is only good accommodation there for twenty-five head, any addition to the herd will be sent to Buffalo Park, Wainwright, Alberta. At the latter place there are now 809 buffaloes in a healthy and thriving condition. The herd increases by about 200 each year, and numbers have been sent to form the nucleus of buffalo herds in other parts of Canada.

In 1895 there were only 800 buffaloes alive in all the world, out of the sixty millions that it is estimated once roamed freely on the North American continent.

The story of how Canada became possessed of the largest herd of buffaloes now in existence is, briefly, this: When the Flathead Indian reservation in Montana was about to be thrown open for settlement, Michael Pablo, a half-breed Indian, offered the herd to the United States Government, who refused his offer. Mr. Ayotte, Canadian immigration agent at Missoula, Montana, at once secured an option on the herd and telegraphed Pablo's offer to the Canadian Government, who wired back: "Buy the entire herd at once."

The capture of the herd and their shipment to Canada was a long and costly task. In fact, there are still several members of the herd on the range in Montana that resist all attempts to corral them. When Pablo found it impossible to secure these stragglers the Montana Govern-

ment decided that they were in a wild state and therefore entitled to the protection of the State game laws. These few survivors of Pablo's herd will, therefore, never come to Canada.

In Stanley Park, Vancouver, there is a lonely old bull, who has had no company since he was left a widower. The authorities are trying to obtain a wife for him from Banff or Wainwright. We think that, instead of two, Vancouver should acquire a dozen, with the object of breeding a large herd of these very interesting creatures. The following article from *Outing* gives a very interesting account of how the millions of buffaloes that formerly roamed the continent were rapidly killed off. The illustrations are by courtesy of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, *per* Mr. R. C. W. Lett, of Winnipeg.

Thirty years ago saw the practical disappearance of the buffalo as a game animal, but even today it is a certainty that no full-blooded man crosses the Great Plains without a feeling of regret that he was not born in time to see the vast herds of buffaloes that used to make of the whole landscape, at times, a moving mass of animals. Attempts have been made to form an approximate estimate of the number of buffaloes that roamed North America before the coming of the white man. Such estimates, of course, are little better than guesses, but they are not uninstructive. One authority estimates that not less than 40,000,000 buffaloes lived on the plains, 30,000,000 on the prairies, and 5,000,000 in the forest regions—a total of 75,000,000. Others place their guess of the total numbers at between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000; and still others believe that the number must have been at least 125,000,000.

The ancient range of the buffalo was from the Atlantic seaboard west to the deserts of Central Nevada, and from Texas and the Gulf States north to Great Slave Lake. The Spanish explorers were the first to see and describe them, but in 1612 herds were observed near the present site of the national capital. In 1678 herds were seen by Father Heneepin in Northern Illinois, and in 1729 they were equally numerous in North Carolina and Virginia. So we may conclude that the extermination of the buffalo really began with the first coming of the white man. By the year 1800 there were probably few wild buffaloes east of the Mississippi River.

Tales told by pioneers concerning the immense numbers of buffaloes seen on the plains are a severe tax upon one's powers of belief. Col. Dodge describes a herd fifty miles wide that required five days to pass a given point. In 1868, a train on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, between Ellsworth and Sheridan, travelled for one hundred and twenty miles through a continuous herd of buffaloes, packed so densely that the earth was black and the train was compelled to stop several times. The next spring a train on the same railroad was delayed at a point between Fort Harker and Fort Hays for eight hours, while an immense herd of buffaloes crossed the track. "As far as the vision could carry, the level prairie was black with the surging mass of affrighted buffaloes rushing onward to the south." On one occasion, in the '60's, some Englishmen going down the Missouri River encountered a herd of buffaloes fording that stream at a point in the territory now known as Iowa. They were compelled to wait three days, until the herd had passed.

THE MEN WHO DID IT

With buffaloes existing on the plains in such incredible numbers in the '60's, their utter disappearance from the southern plains in the '70's, and from the more northern region in the early '80's, is truly an amazing circumstance. It was due in the main to the activities of the hide hunters, who left their trail of desiccating carcasses and bleaching bones throughout the whole vast region roamed by the buffalo millions. Assisting the hide hunters in the work of extermination were the sportsmen of eastern cities and Europe, who organized hunting parties that in the aggregate slaughtered millions of the animals. Then after the railroads were built across the plains, travellers were wont to amuse themselves by shooting the animals from the cars, from the mere love of slaughter.

It was this wanton slaughter of the "wild cattle" of the Indians that made Red Cloud, chief of the Sioux, so bitterly opposed to the building of the railroad across the hunting grounds of his people that he went on the war path in 1866. This cost the whites many a scalp before the crowning calamity of the Fetterman

PART OF THE HERD AT WAINWRIGHT, ALBERTA. THIS HERD NOW NUMBERS NEARLY A THOUSAND HEAD

massacre; and it was the violation of the treaty made with Red Cloud and other chiefs, agreeing to leave the great Dakota hunting grounds undisturbed, that led to the uprising of 1875 and 1876 that reached its climax in the Custer massacre.

Before the coming of the white man the increase in the numbers of buffaloes was limited by the Indians and wolves and other beasts of prey. Tens of thousands, also, were drowned annually when the herds forded the rivers. However, it is probable that in prehistoric times there were as many buffaloes as the natural pasturage was adequate to support.

Although the white hide hunters and sportsmen were responsible for the amazing suddenness with which the extermination of the wild buffalo was accomplished, the decimation of their numbers began with the planting of civilization upon the ancient buffalo range. As soon as the Indian acquired firearms and horses he indulged his passion for slaughter, and on his own account killed the animals off more rapidly than their numbers were replenished by natural increase, and white hunters and settlers ably abetted the work of destruction. So, as has already been said, by the year 1800 there were practically no buffaloes left east of the Mississippi.

Before the hide-hunting business reached its enormous development in the 60's and 70's (with the advance of railroad construction through the buffalo country), expeditions were organized at great expense, invading the buffalo range with hundreds of carts to facilitate hauling back the spoils. It is said by W. D. Hornaday that in the twenty years from 1820 to 1840 seventy such expeditions composed of Red River half-breeds went out, killing a total of 652,275 buffaloes. In the decade from 1850 to 1860 it is estimated that the Indians alone were killing 3,500,000 buffaloes each year.

In 1867 the Union Pacific railroad penetrated the buffalo country. It made the hunting of buffaloes easy and removed the difficulties that had formerly attended getting the hides to market. It is claimed that the great beasts did not often cross the railroad, which thus divided the buffaloes into what were called the northern and southern herds.

In 1871 the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad crossed Kansas, and then, year after year, was extended westward, facilitating the slaughter of the southern herd. In 1871 the southern herd was estimated to contain 3,000,000 animals. In the late winter months, when the hides were at

THE SOLITARY BUFFALO IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER
—Photo by Clarence Smith

their best, from 3,000 to 4,000 animals were killed daily. From 1872 to 1874 it is estimated that 1,780,000 of the southern herd were slaughtered. From 1871 to the end of buffalo hunting, the skins of 3,158,780 buffaloes were shipped east over the Santa Fe. By 1875 the southern herd was practically extinct, although about 200 survivors were seen in the Texas Panhandle as late as 1886.

The northern herd lasted a little longer, because of the more difficult nature of the country. As late as 1882 it is estimated that a million of the northern herd survived, but there were 5,000 hunters in the field, and the doom of the animals was sealed. The Indians alone killed 375,000 a year, and Crook's campaign against the Sioux had made the country safe for the hide hunters.

The last winter buffalo hunt of the Dakotas of the plains took place in 1880-81. The buffaloes had left the valley of the Missouri fifteen years before, but that winter they turned back to escape the slaughter by white hunters on the north. Early in September, 1880, rumors of returning game reached the river agencies, and several hunting parties went out. One left the Cheyenne River agency and went up the Moreau River and to the west of Slim Buttes. It consisted of sixty warriors and forty squaws, with 300 horses and innumerable dogs. Rev. Thomas L. Riggs, a missionary to the Dakotas, accompanied the hunters and published an interesting account of the expedition, which resulted in the taking of two thousand robes.

In 1881 the hide hunters shipped 50,000 hides to the east. The next year the number was 200,000, and 1883, 40,000. Only three hundred were reported in 1884, and after that there were none at all. In 1883 Sitting Bull and his band, with some white hunters, killed the last ten thousand of the northern herd. The last survivors, twenty-eight in number, were killed on the Big Porcupine in 1886, and were mounted for the National Museum. With that the wild buffalo of North America practically ceased to exist, except for a few in the Yellowstone National Park and a handful in the wilds of Athabasca.

During the palmy days of the hide hunting industry, on either side of the railroads that crossed the plains, the most conspicuous objects were the desiccating carcasses of the huge animals, killed by the hide hunters for the sake of their skins or slain in pure wantonness by passengers on the trains, simply "for fun." It is said, too, that miles away from the railroad there were places where one could walk all day on the dead bodies of buffaloes, stepping from one to another, without once touching the ground!

The largest buffalo hide tannery ever built was located at Greeley, Colorado. There tens of thousands of the finest of buffalo robes were tied up in huge bales and stacked high in piles for shipment. One could have bought for from $5 to $10, in the '70's and '80's, robes that would be worth $100 or $150 each today.

After the hide hunters followed the bone collectors. Buffalo bones were strewn over the plains in incredible quantities, and these were gathered up for utilization in carbon works, mostly in St. Louis. It took one hundred buffalo skeletons to weigh a ton. The price per ton averaged $8. In thirteen years in Kansas alone $2,500,000 was paid for buffalo bones, representing the skeletons of more than 31,000,000 buffaloes. The bones were piled up in vast heaps, like haystacks, along the railroads, and shipped east whenever the railroad companies could supply the cars.

Beginning about 1870, or a little later, frequent appeals were made to Congress to stop the wanton waste and slaughter of the western buffalo herds. Beyond doubt, the enormous numbers of these great game animals constituted a natural resource that might have been conserved for a good many years and put to a much

better use. Nevertheless, the practical extermination of the wild herds was, sooner or later, inevitable and necessary.

Mention has already been made of trains on the railroads crossing the plains that were delayed for many hours. Sometimes more serious trouble than delay was caused by the buffaloes. In 1871 and 1872 trains on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad were charged by the enraged beasts, cars were derailed and overturned, and the lives of train crews and passengers endangered. Many tales of hairbreadth escapes were related by small parties of soldiers, frontiersmen and emigrants; and it is altogether possible that many an emigrant wagon, with its occupants, that left the Missouri River and was never seen again, was overwhelmed by the buffaloes, rather than wiped out of existence by the Indians, to whom all unexplained disappearances were attributed.

Large buffalo bulls weighed 2,000 lbs. or more, and cows weighed in the neighborhood of 1,200 lbs. Herds numbering many thousands were really irresistible, and in a stampede carried all before them. Civilization was incompatible with the existence of large numbers of wild animals of such size. The fences of the homesteader would have availed as little as if made of straw. Farming, grazing and settlement, in regions liable to invasion by the wild buffaloes, were plainly impossible. So, in effect, to lament the extermination of the wild buffalo is to lament the settlement of civilization of the West. As a matter of fact, such extermination appears to have been an economic necessity, to prepare the way for the invading army of homeseekers, with their wheat fields, corn fields, sheep and cattle.

Again, the extermination of the buffalo ended the Indian wars. So long as the savage had an abundance of wild game to keep him supplied with food he was independent of "beef issues" and under no necessity of going to work. With the buffalo gone, marauding Indians were quickly brought to a halt by short rations, and nothing so effectively cools the ardor of a fighter, either red or white, as an empty stomach. Nevertheless, the tale of the passing of the buffalo is a tragic and depressing one.

GOLF CLUB IN BURNABY

White Rock

A NEW SEAPORT AND WATERING-PLACE FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA

Compiled from Facts Supplied by Mr. C. E. Sands

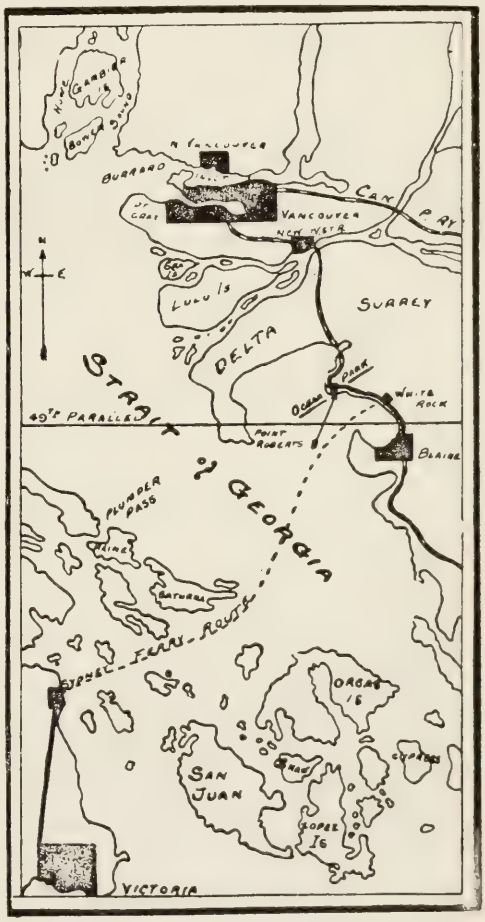
THE demand for a new and extensive health and holiday resort on the coast of British Columbia is only another striking evidence of the enormous and rapid growth of Vancouver, New Westminster and Victoria. English Bay, Stanley Park and Capilano Canyon, for example, while they will always remain as lungs for the centres of population, no longer provide an adequate field for holiday-makers and those in search of more than a few hours' relief from the worries of the town. The ultimate destiny of these and other nearby resorts will be similar to that of Hyde Park and Kew Gardens in London, Central Park and the Bronx in New York, Fairmont Park in Philadelphia, or the Bois de Boulogne in Paris. With the increase of population, which is already giving our British Columbian cities a metropolitan character, it is inevitable that pleasure and health resorts on a larger scale, particularly in the form of watering-places, will rapidly come into being. They will be places where people may go and spend a week or a month by the sea, or where the family of a business man may spend the whole summer in full enjoyment of healthful ocean breezes and other out-of-door delights.

The jaded Londoner goes to Brighton for the week-end or longer, or builds a bungalow at one of the innumerable beauty spots like Margate, Eastbourne, Bournemouth, Cromer, and twenty more.

The New Yorker makes his playground at Asbury Park or Newport. Atlantic City and Cape May during the summer are full of Philadelphians. All the great cities of the world have their favorite summer resorts, where the strain of business and the cares of city life vanish before the fresh sea breezes and days of glorious sunshine.

Such a resort in British Columbia must be easy of access and be on a scale large enough to make people feel that they have escaped from the crowds and really left the city behind.

Twenty years ago, in the centre of Semiahmoo Bay, thirty miles south of Vancouver, a townsite was registered by someone with a far-seeing eye. The towns on



MAP SHOWING FERRY ROUTE TO WHITE ROCK FROM VICTORIA, AND G. N. R. LINE FROM VANCOUVER, NEW WESTMINSTER AND BLAINE

SEMIAHMOO BAY, WHITE ROCK. GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY TRACKS IN THE FOREGROUND

the coast then were not so thickly populated that the citizens felt the need of escaping now and then from the rush and bustle of business. In fact, they were really little more than villages. The charm and rest of the wilds were just outside their doors. A walk of a few minutes brought one into the hush of the woods. They had no more need of health and holiday resorts than a toad needs side pockets. The city in an incredibly short time has pushed the country farther away, and while formerly one might walk around Stanley Park, Capilano, or English Bay without meeting more than a dozen other idlers, these resorts are visited on holidays by ten thousand people.

White Rock, like a great many other places in the vicinity of the large coast towns, would have been of little interest to the reader five years ago, but there is no doubt that it is now within the ever-widening circle of settlement and development.

In order to show our readers the position of this coming watering-place we publish a map on Page 275. It will be seen that the Great Northern Railway already supplies an easy means of access to White Rock from the Fraser Valley cities, and it is also conveniently reached by water from Victoria. The following facts will be full of interest to those who are familiar with the amazing rate of growth of British Columbian cities.

The boundary line between Canada and the United States is only three miles south of White Rock, and the Great Northern Railway recently changed the location of the right-of-way of their main line to provide the site with railway facilities. In 1909 White Rock was made a port of entry for customs and immigration business from the United States by the Canadian Government.

Last year more than one hundred private residences were built there, and several stores established. During the summer the population rose suddenly from fifty to nearly 600. Many well-known people have already built summer homes there, and there is no doubt that as a summer resort White Rock is well established. The only question now is the rapidity with which it will assume the importance that its position warrants.

Because it is located in the mildest district of the province and is on a sheltered bay, the climatic conditions are unusually favorable, and it has a rainfall only half that of Vancouver and New Westminster. White Rock can be reached from Vancouver in one hour by rail, while the journey from New Westminster takes only forty minutes. The magnificent beach of firm sand extends for miles east and west, and

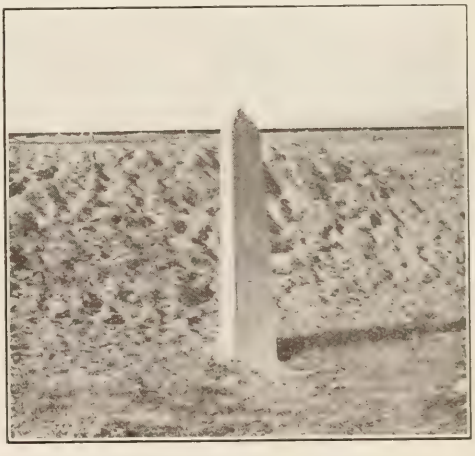
A STRETCH OF WHITE ROCK'S BEAUTIFUL, SANDY BEACH

bathing can be indulged in from March till November. Owing to the gentle slope of the beach, it is a very safe playground for children.

The origin of the name is interesting. There is an Indian legend regarding it which is full of romance. Near the boundary line of the United States there is an Indian reservation of about 600 acres. It is occupied by the remnant of the Semiahmoo (Siwash) tribe. Chief George Charlie, on being asked what his tribe knew of the huge white rock that is a conspicuous landmark on the beach, was very guarded in his replies. Eventually the following story was drawn from his unwilling lips:

"Many, many moons ago the Indians on Vancouver Island (some sixty-odd miles across the Strait of Georgia) had a split among themselves. After several "powwows" some of the braves decided to leave the tribe. They were possessed with 'wanderlust,' and accompanied by their 'klootchmen' (women), children, and all their belongings, they took to their canoes in search of fresh woods and pastures new. As the last, and biggest, brave was stepping into his canoe he was suddenly gifted with 'big medicine.' He spied the huge boulder now known as White Rock and, tearing it from its bed on Vancouver Island, hurled it out to sea. He proclaimed, at the same time, that they must follow the rock and bide where it rested. The rock, so the legend goes, fell on the beach of Semiahmoo Bay, and the tribe settled there, in obedience to the 'medicine.' The present inhabitants of the reserve are descendants of this mighty warrior."

The railroad station at White Rock is two thousand feet from the shore. At a point opposite, the water is seven fathoms deep. This fact makes it possible for the largest ocean steamers to dock in this splendid natural harbor. That the possibilities of White Rock as a port, apart from its obvious destiny as a pleasure resort,



POST MARKING THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES, NEAR WHITE ROCK

A SUMMER CAMP AT WHITE ROCK

are not being overlooked is shown by the fact that the Hill system of railways is said to have acquired twenty-eight acres on the Campbell River flats, about a mile from the townsite, for railroad yards.

A tract forty acres in extent has also been sold recently for $60,000, and is being laid out as an addition to the townsite. Contracts have been called for the erection of a large and up-to-date hotel for attracting and accommodating tourist traffic. For this scheme no less than seven acres of this property are set apart.

The following description of White Rock by a visitor last November proves that White Rock has autumn beauties as well as summer delights:

PART OF THE MAGNIFICENT BEACH AT WHITE ROCK—AN IDEAL PLAYGROUND FOR CHILDREN

"Dimpling and shimmering on our right was the Gulf of Georgia; Point Roberts, which is so inquisitive that it sticks its nose into the United States, was an indigo blue; the mountains on Vancouver Island piled up against the western sky, and straight ahead of us Semiahmoo Bay wandered in toward White Rock, and Blaine, which is in the United States.

"The rock forms a secondary consideration. It is the lovely hill, the glorious woods, the straight drop to the water and the sea itself, that constitute the charm of the place. The sea ripples and smooths itself out in one very large bay, and in front of White Rock there are three miles of unsurpassed bathing beach. Just above high-tide mark there is a bank, and on it the railroad finds a way; above it is another bank, on top of which is the public highway; then comes another bank of twenty feet or so, and there are the houses. Could anything be better terraced?

"We revelled in the sunshine and watched the waves below us as they pounded their heads off. Then we wandered through leafy paths strewn with giant maple leaves and overtopped with

(*Continued on Page 326*)

Amundsen discovers the South Pole.—From *Jugend.*

Inebriated Customer: "Shave, please."
Barber: "If I am to shave you, sir, you must hold your head up."
Customer: "Oh, never min'. Cut my 'air!"

—From *London Opinion.*

The May Number
of the
British Columbia Magazine

Will contain the following important features:

VANCOUVER'S WATER SUPPLY (Illustrated)

Vancouver has a water supply that is not excelled by any city in Canada or on the whole Pacific Coast. The article will describe how the sparkling mountain water is brought through miles of pipes to every home.

VICTORIA (Illustrated)

An account of the development of the political capital of British Columbia.

BRITISH COLUMBIA AND HER IMPERIAL OUTLOOK

A continuation of the paper read before a distinguished gathering at the Royal Colonial Institute, London, by the editor. Dr. Vrooman, by his work in England, has been able to attract the attention of investors to British Columbia in a striking and effective way. His forthcoming lecture before the London Chamber of Commerce will be fully reported in our pages.

BURNABY (Illustrated)

An article compiled from facts supplied by the Board of Trade. Burnaby presents an example of rapid development hardly equalled in the West.

NOTE.—Owing to the great demand last month we were unable to fill several late orders for copies of the magazine. In order to be sure of getting your copy regularly send $1.50 for a year's subscription to the Manager, 711 Seymour Street, Vancouver, B. C.

THE PANAMA CANAL IS PRACTICALLY A GIFT OF $400,000,000 TO BRITISH COLUMBIA. FOR AN ACCOUNT OF THE VAST IMPETUS IT WILL GIVE TO OUR TRADE AND COMMERCE SEE OUR JUNE NUMBER

West Vancouver

Compiled from Information Supplied by the Reeve and Council

"ON March 12, 1912, letters patent were issued for the incorporation of the district of West Vancouver. On April 6 the reeve and council were elected, and another unit of Greater Vancouver came into being."

When a sculptor or an artist puts the finishing touches to a great statue or picture, and the chisel and brush are laid aside, a completed work is given to an admiring or derisive world. Where the artist's task ends, ours begins. We sit back and criticise, and praise or damn to our heart's content. The statue or picture comes to us like Minerva from the head of Jove. Our say is said, but we do not add a curve to the statue or a line to the picture.

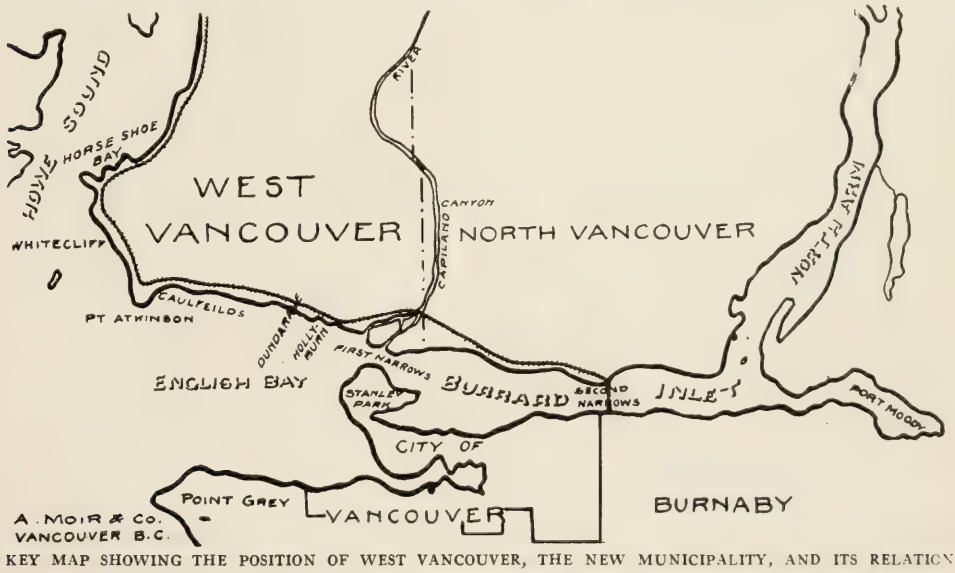
In this great new land of ours we have not arrived at a stage when anything we do can be called finished. We have to throw away the mould in which we cast Yesterday, because it is too small in which to cast Tomorrow. That is why our sharpest criticisms come from those who are more familiar with the end of a thing than the beginning. We cannot blame these critics. They mean well; but we feel that we are not understood.

We are not looking back on a past sanctified by tradition and mellowed by age. That such a past has an inestimable value we know, but from where we stand we can see only into the future. We look that way with the bounding energy of youth, because we are young and we see there opportunity which is always in front and never behind.

That is why the commonplace paragraph which begins this note is full of deep meaning for us. It is like the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand.

The wonderful story of the growth of Vancouver has reached the ends of the earth. Nowhere else has a small fishing village assumed metropolitan proportions and responsibilities and attracted a population of nearly 200,000 people in twenty-five years. It has been truly said that it is easier to read the truth about Vancouver than to believe it.

Look at the map! The relation of the



KEY MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF WEST VANCOUVER, THE NEW MUNICIPALITY, AND ITS RELATION TO THE CITY OF VANCOUVER

PANORAMA OF THE WATERFRONT AT HOLLYBURN FROM THE PRESENT

new municipality of West Vancouver to Vancouver itself is clearly shown. This area, which measures about eight miles from east to west, and which has about fifteen miles of waterfront, will rapidly become one of the finest residential suburbs of Vancouver.

At present it is mostly covered with forest trees. How, then, is this transformation to be brought about? The answer is in our opening paragraph. The incorporation of West Vancouver has provided the organization that is necessary to create a city on the shaggy acres of West Vancouver.

We appreciate the reasons that make our western hurry and bustle seem feverish and unnatural to people from older countries. At the same time when we make a smoke there is a great fire underneath.

It is not possible to step outside the gates of London, Paris or Berlin and find an area upon which a new and thriving city can be brought into being as if by magic. Here in British Columbia it can not only be done, but it *has* to be done.

People arrive here by every train from many countries. Shortly five transcontinental railways will terminate here to make use of our ports. The Panama Canal will bring us a huge volume of trade which we must handle. The business of the western prairies must soon come this way to find an outlet. It is not possible to deceive ourselves about this. Our own judgment is confirmed by men whose names are known in both hemispheres, and whose fingers are on the pulse of trade all over the world. They tell us that quickly as we are moving we are not moving quickly enough.

In Vancouver, where a short time ago rows of homes stood, there are ten- and fourteen-storey office buildings. The homes of the people are compelled to retreat to the quieter and more healthful outlying areas. The Vancouver peninsula extends to the feet of the mountains, which are very near, so that the available area for towns is limited, and we have to make the best we can of the land at our disposal. West Vancouver is the largest unoccupied area near Vancouver. Its neighbor, North Vancouver, of which it was formerly a part, has a population of nearly 6,000 today.

The work of transforming West Vancouver into a fine residential suburb has already commenced. The easiest mode of access at present is by water. The ferry service that runs from Vancouver to Hollyburn is already inadequate. The new council are arranging immediately for a steam ferry, that will carry 150 passengers at a time, to run regularly between the city and the new municipality. This will be run as a public convenience, and not with the idea of making it a paying concern until the volume of traffic has grown to large proportions. The old crib wharf at Hollyburn has proved that it can withstand all storms and that ships can dock as safely outside the Narrows as in the harbor if suitable wharves and breakwaters are built,

WHARF. MR. LAWSON'S HOUSE IS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PICTURE

By courtesy of Mr. John Lawson.

as they soon will be. Two concrete wharves are already being planned.

The Government is building a marine drive along the shoreline to Horseshoe Bay. This road will be carried back to the eastern boundary, to the famous Capilano canyon, where it will cross a bridge that is to be built jointly by North and West Vancouver. It will be macadamised this year.

The new district has a southern slope and plenty of sunshine, which is an asset to any residential district.

In West Vancouver there are several scenic spots that are well known and established centres of activity: Caulfields, at the extreme west, is a summer resort; Horseshoe Bay has a fine sandy beach; Cypress canyon and waterfall, and Point Atkinson Park, which covers 320 acres, are all inside the boundaries, while the Capilano canyons are on the eastern edge of the district. There is also a chain of beautiful lakes near the summit of the mountain to the north.

All these things, however, cannot make a residential district without development. The council are now planning a comprehensive scheme of development that will not only open up the whole of West Vancouver, but will also ensure that it retain the character of a high-class residential district. To this end regulations regarding the width and position of roads, the mode of subdividing property and the style and size of buildings are being drawn up. Roads will be graded, sidewalks built, tram lines brought in, water, electric light, gas, telephones, sewers and all other necessary improvements for a modern community provided. Areas will be reserved for parks and public gardens, and the district arranged, as a whole, without any undesirable features.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has already staked a terminus at Dundarave, and the Pacific Great Eastern will come into the district from the east. The C. P. R. will extend finally to Point Atkinson.

The council will seek the co-operation of the Provincial and Dominion Governments and the city of Vancouver for the purpose of jointly constructing a tunnel under Stanley Park and the First Narrows that will connect Georgia street, in Vancouver, and the eastern end of West Vancouver. This will be on a scale that will permit of all kinds of traffic and will also be used for the purpose of carrying pipe lines and wires that are at present submerged in the Narrows.

Many of the prominent citizens of Vancouver have acquired sites for fine suburban homes here, and many more will be erected as soon as the complete survey of the district, which is now in hand, is completed. A school is already opened and a site for a municipal hall will shortly be selected.

Here, then, are all the details of organization that will make West Vancouver

CHARLES NELSON, ESQ., FIRST REEVE OF WEST VANCOUVER, WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN INCORPORATED AS A MUNICIPALITY

CAPILANO CANYON

MR. THOMSON'S HOUSE, WEST VANCOUVER. FINE RESIDENCES OF THIS TYPE WILL RAPIDLY BE BUILT THROUGHOUT THE DISTRICT

rapidly develop into a sister city to Vancouver itself. It is a notable event in the history of the province.

This note would be incomplete without some mention of the names of some of those responsible for arranging and hastening the incorporation of West Vancouver: Mr. Charles Nelson, the first reeve, has been residing in Vancouver twenty-five years. He, in conjunction with Messrs J. J. Hanna, J. B. Mathers, G. Hay, S. Gintzburger, W. J. Irwin, John Alexander and A. E. Liddle, represented the ratepayers of West Vancouver during the negotiations. Mr. John Lawson, who has long been a resident at Hollyburn, West Vancouver, has done a great deal to make thousands of people familiar with the possibilities of the district. He was instrumental in providing and maintaining at great expense the present ferry service, which for a long time has been a great public convenience.

(*Continued on Page 332*)

Prosperity Causes Comment in United States

COMMENTING on the wonderful prosperity of British Columbia, the New York *Sun,* one of the most important financial and news dailies in the United States, published recently an editorial which is of the greatest interest to Vancouver. The editorial, in part, follows:

"Notwithstanding the modest belief of some of our Pacific Coast States in assuming that their past rapid growth and their increasing prosperity are due mainly to American genius and enterprise, the London *Economist,* which makes a world-wide study of financial conditions, fixes the present area of greatest industrial advancement in Northwestern Canada and British Columbia.

"The remarkable growth of the city of Vancouver is being repeated in other cities over the border, like Victoria and Edmonton, and it begins to look as though much of the prosperity that has fallen to the lot of our States west of the Rockies is in the nature of an overflow from the almost unprecedented growth that has been going on in British Columbia for several years.

"One of the direct reasons why our northwest neighbors are now able to make such rapid strides is undoubtedly due to the helping-hand from the Mother-country in the form of capital supplied from English banking institutions, or more properly speaking, from British citizens who seek better returns upon their money than can be safely obtained in London. Over in Canada they do not have any political upheavals every few years to frighten off capital.

"Englishmen from all over the world send their money to London for investment, and the London bankers put it where it yields the largest returns consistent with absolute safety. Automatically English capital continues to flow to British Columbia as being the most prosperous and safest of the rapidly-growing sections of the Pacific Coast.

"The jealousy of San Francisco over Vancouver's continued increase of population is plainly manifested now in its desire to swallow up into a greater San Francisco the city of Oakland, separated from it by seven miles of water. This willingness of San Francisco to swell its population figures by taking in a radius of twenty-two miles of cattle ranges and apple orchards, it is said, springs merely from a desire on the part of the Golden Gate to soften the suffering by comparison in growth above our border.

"Instead of closing our eyes and trying to gerrymander up the figures of our Pacific coast cities by annexation of the truck gardens, would it not be better for us to ascertain the real cause of Canada's great prosperity, admitted by London bankers to be even greater than the upbuilding of Australia twenty years ago? Californians are claiming that its prosperity is largely due to that spirit of chivalry among the men that permits the women to vote.

"The people in Vancouver think much of their prosperity is due to the fact that for city governmental purposes they do not tax improvements at all, thereby encouraging the building of houses and factories. The American railroad stockholders point to the fact that a hundred million dollars will be spent this year in Canada for railroad construction, and that, although at the same ratio we would have to expend a half-billion dollars to make the same relative progress, we can't raise the money, because the unions each year raise their wages, and the Interstate Commerce Commission will not let the railroads raise their rates.

"This condition of crushing a railroad between the upper and nether millstones of non-competitive cost of operation and non-competitive source of income does not exist in Canada as it does in the United States. But at any rate, whatever may be the real reason for Canada's prosperity, with Vancouver in the centre of the stage, why not ascertain the real cause? Why not find out why it is that, while we cannot get enough money to develop even our railroads, Vancouver can have unlimited funds not only for its own development, but also for all of the enterprises its residents deem necessary for permanent prosperity."

Graham Island

By G. R. B. Elliott

(*Continued from Page 168, March Issue*)

LYING parallel to the three great ridges which form the backbone of the North American continent is another, apparently of less height, but in reality even more lofty than any of its companions. Rising on the landward side to an elevation of 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea level, on the other side it drops to the abyssmal depths of the Pacific.

Two tremendous valleys cut it into three parts—the Olympic Mountains, in the State of Washington, on the south; Vancouver Island in the centre, and the Queen Charlotte Islands in the north, the latter considerably lower and flatter than either of the others, with deep, narrow inlets occupying the original valleys and separating it into many islands. Graham Island, at the extreme northern end, is by far the largest of these, and occupies the terminal plateau of the mountain range. At the present time a large portion of the island is only 200 to 400 feet above the sea, the greatest upheaval being along the western side.

From Rose Point to Cape Know is fifty-three miles; from Lawn Hill to the entrance of Rennell Sound is twenty-five miles; from Masset to Skidegate forty-eight miles; and from the north end of North Island to the west entrance of Skidegate Channel seventy-seven miles. From Masset to Port Simpson is from eighty-five to ninety miles. From Skidegate to Port Simpson is 115 miles, and to Prince Rupert the same distance. The nearest mainland is at Point Chason, in Alaska, a distance of forty-five miles.

MASSET INLET, SHOWING THE LEVEL CHARACTER OF THIS COUNTRY

The western shore is rough and indented, there being several considerable inlets, of which Rennell Sound offers the only good harbor in all weathers, and on the north shore there are two, the principal being Masset Inlet, which almost divides the island into two parts. Running for seventeen miles, with a width never in excess of one-and-a-half mile, it there opens out into a lake eighteen miles long from east to west, and seven miles across at the widest part. On the south side of the lake is a narrow passage, through which the tide flows with great force into another, but smaller, lake. Good anchorage is to be found in the bays making into the inlet, while in the middle the water runs as much as fifty fathoms deep.

The total area of the island is, approximately, 2,000 square miles, and is divided into two almost equal parts by Masset Inlet. Masset Inlet, moreover, marks the dividing-line between two distinct geological formations, that on the east being principally sedimentary, consisting of sandstone, shales, slate and limestone, and that of the west being, for the most part, of volcanic origin.

Graham Island has previously been spoken of as the terminal plateau of the cordillera. As such it is much less broken in its topography than would be the case of the centre of disturbance. Heavy

VIEW FROM WEST OF MASSET INLET, TYPICAL OF THE NORTHERN HALF OF GRAHAM ISLAND. SUCH COUNTRY AS THIS IS USUALLY UNDERLAID BY GREY SILTS, MUCH RESEMBLING THOSE OF THE LOWER FRASER

glaciation has, moreover, planed down the roughnesses and has left in their place a morainal deposit, covering practically the whole island.

The east coast presents to the sea an almost unbroken line of sand dunes, blowing with the wind and burying large areas of coastal vegetation beneath its drifts. No harbors could exist under such conditions, and there are none, except the narrow channels, where a few of the larger streams force their way through. The margin of high ground is only a few hundred yards in width, and inside a meadow marsh or swamp, as the case may be, extends back from a quarter of a mile to two miles farther. Here the process is repeated, a wooded ridge enclosing further level land. Little of the country is broken, and in general these conditions prevail, ridges enclosing bottom lands more or less wet.

The watershed is reached about a mile from Masset Inlet, to which the land slopes on a comparatively heavy grade.

West of Masset the topography is somewhat similar to that of the eastern section, though the action of the sea has not washed out the finer sediment to leave sand dunes behind, and the soil, being derived principally by the destruction of volcanic rocks, should be far more fertile. The land, for the most part, lies in gently rolling ridges 200 to 600 feet above the sea, stretching away to the mountains on the extreme western and southern side of the island. These rise sharply to a height of 4,000 feet, and exercise a marked effect on the climate by obstructing the rain winds coming off the Pacific. Captain Torrens, in his report, says: "The country north of Skidegate Channel is low and thickly wooded, receding in one unbroken level towards a huge range of mountains about thirty miles off. Vegetation is there luxuriant, and at intervals patches of open land occur in which Haida Indians have planted crops of turnips and potatoes."

The highest and most rugged portion of the island is found in the southwest quarter, where the peaks reach a height of 4,000 feet above the sea, and are capped with large areas of snow throughout the year. The main line of elevation of the mountains, or axis, crosses Skidegate Inlet at Long Arm, and has near this point an extreme elevation of from 3,800 to 4,000 feet, dropping towards the east and west, so that in the country behind the village of Skidegate the maximum elevation is approximately 1,000 feet.

GEOLOGY

As has been previously stated, Graham

Island forms part of the terminal plateau of the great westerly continental mountain range. In addition to that which is at present above the sea level, Admiralty charts show that a considerable portion of Hecate Strait east of the island, and Dixon Entrance to the north, are covered by less than 100 fathoms of water, while beyond the shallows the bottom drops steeply down. On these shallows are the halibut-fishing banks, which are becoming more famous every year.

The core, or backbone, of the whole mountain system, from the Olympias on the south to Graham Island on the north, consists of immense beds of basaltic rocks, varying all the way from glassy obsidians to granular traps, in places enclosing beds of limestone and argillites, and in others resting on, and being cut by, dykes and beds of granite. The whole mass has been so metamorphosed and contorted that in many instances its original character has been entirely lost, argillites being changed to baked shale, and volcanic rocks to granite. So much so has this been the case that, except in isolated instances, the exact relation existing between the strata cannot be determined, and the whole formation, though consisting largely of Triassic, and probably Carboniferous, or even older series, is, for the sake of convenience, called Pre-cretaceous.

Closing the Triassic period was one of considerable disturbance, when the granite dykes were thrust up through, and the mountains' range came above the level of the sea, leaving its surface exposed to erosion.

Following this period of disturbance came one of gradual depression, when the Cretaceous, or coal-bearing, series was laid down, filling up the valleys left in the rocks of the previous age. The fact that each succeeding bed laps farther and farther up against the Pre-cretaceous mountain sides indicates gradual and increasing depression. This formation occupies the western portion of the eastern half of the island, from Skidegate to Masset Inlet. The coal areas would be laid down in swamps and depressions probably very little above the level of the sea, and it might be assumed that, since the measures are so close to the centre of volcanic activity, they would be local in character, rather than covering any wide extent of country. This is further indicated by the fact that throughout the whole Skidegate district the coal seams do not maintain a uniform size, but vary in thickness with considerable rapidity.

NOTE.—In the article on Graham Island last mouth, please read "nearly one-third as large as England" and "free gold quartz."—ED.

(*To be Continued*)

A Song of Vancouver

By R. W. HOLLAND

(*Tune: "The Maple Leaf Forever"*)

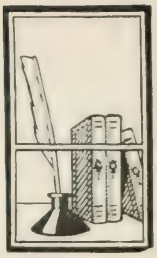
Vancouver, Gate of Empire wide,
A future vast we promise you.
You lie in smiling grace beside
The Western Sea of Blue;
Behind you stretch the ageless hills
With untold wealth to glean,
Their mighty grandeur jewelled oft
With valley, lake and stream.

The whole world holds no fairer place—
No grander setting for a town—
So grow in beauty, grow in grace,
And grow in fair renown;
Remember that your greatness lies
In aiding all endeavor—
All good and honest enterprise.
We'll sing your praise forever.

Chorus:

Vancouver and our Province grand,
We'll sing your praise forever—
God bless our Town, God bless our Land,
The Maple Leaf forever!

Editorial Comment



RE-ENACT THE LAWS OF JAPAN

WE must do something on this continent on the plain principles of self-defence. We cannot be inundated by the hordes of Asia. Inaction at this time is political and economic suicide. We all know this much, but only the patriots among us will admit it. What is to be done?

The simplest and most obvious thing to do as to Asiatic immigration is to study the Asiatic system. We must give the Japanese credit for a certain wise statesmanship in many of the lines of their own development. They are doing some things which cannot be criticised. If Japan will not allow any foreigner to own a foot of land in the Japanese Empire outside a few treaty ports, and if she makes ownership there such a burden as to render it undesirable, let us not rail at her for it, but recognize the principle and promptly adopt it and incorporate it in our own laws. If Japan will not allow foreigners to fish in Japanese waters, let us bow to the inevitable, sadly if need be, but gracefully, and then at once enact laws which forbid Japanese (or any other we may choose for that matter—for the principle is not changed) to fish in Canadian waters. If Japan will not let foreigners own or work in the mines in Japan, let us, with whatever grief we must bear, recognize the right, and forthwith enact a law so exactly similar as to protect our own mines and our own labor.

In other words, let us have done with all this nonsense and all this impudence. Let us say promptly to Japan, in the language of the street, "Put up, or shut up. We are jolly tired of your swagger and your threats—of your forcing your undesirables upon us, while you will under no circumstances allow us to do the same."

If Japan continues to crowd her coolie population upon the United States, let the United States transplant her negro population to Japan. It will solve a tragic race problem there which must be solved and the solution of which no man has ever yet dared to broach. Canada will have another race problem soon enough if she does not do something now.

Japan has the right to shut out of the Empire all emigrants which cannot be welded into a homogeneous political unit. She has the right to bar any element which will work to the detriment of her people and her economic future—to deny access to any alien and unassimilable race.

So have we.

That is the end of that. So have we. If we allow Japan to do it and do not do it ourselves, we are cowards and fools. Perhaps both.

As to the disabilities of foreigners, *re-enact the laws of Japan.*

* * *

TIT FOR TAT

IN a recent Special in the *Pall Mall Gazette,* which was undated and came from nowhere and was probably written in London, an article entitled "Our Allies in the Far East" started as follows: "Few acts of statesmanship in the world politics of modern times deserve to rank so high as the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in its original form. On the other side of the world it is regarded as the Magna Charta of the East, in that for the first time in history one of the Great Powers did not scorn to enter into a solemn pact with an Oriental nation on terms of equality."

The British authors of the revised arrangement, which was received with special satisfaction in the United States, are possibly blind to its important defects; but by their co-partners, that is Japan, it has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. It has been attacked by the *Osaka Manaichi* and the *Tokio Nichi-Nichi-Shimbun.* The gifted Jap who apparently is writing this article carries the impression that it is but the restrained outbreak of a righteous popular indignation. "The only wonder is that these and other journals have submitted so long to the official muzzle."

When the revision was first announced its one-sided character was strongly condemned by such diverse exponents of unofficial opinion as Count Okuma, a former Prime Minister, and the *Hochi Shimbun,* the most popular of the Japanese papers. The comment of both was in effect the same. It thus found blunt expression in the *Hochi's* columns: *"England prefers arbitration with America to alliance with Japan."* There, now, the cat is out of the bag. We do not know the *Hochi Shimbun* as well as we know this man Okuma, the arch foe of Britain and everything British in Asia. We have not forgotten his appeal to his countrymen five years ago, painting in goodly colors the loot riches in store for the Japanese when they got sufficient nerve to move in and take the land destiny had marked for them. We are then to understand from all this that if Great Britain wishes an arbitration treaty with the United States she cannot have an alliance with Japan. If Great Britain wishes peace with the United States she cannot have the alliance with Japan. Great Britain must choose between the United States and Japan. It is not a question of an alliance with the United States. If Great Britain were making an alliance with the United States—which we are inclined to think she would have a perfect right to do—there might be some cause, or at least provocation for criticism among the Japanese malcontents. But no, Great Britain says merely, "Our two great nations are one blood, in all of our institutions we are also kin, it will be a

crime for us to fight. We do not propose to be dragged into a war with each other by any of our outstanding alliances, even the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and so far as our differences are concerned, we propose to arbitrate," and all of a sudden the whole Japanese nation, as regards its public opinion, is up in arms and its most popular newspapers boldly defy the muzzle and mark out the alternative with the intimation—indeed with a plain, blank, brutal statement—that if Great Britain wants peace with the United States she is going back on what the Japanese wanted the alliance for—namely, to fight the United States.

This article on "Our Allies in the East," after a full and complete vindication of the author's right title and ability to political obliquity and puzzle-headedness, winds up by suggesting that Great Britain can square herself with Japan by giving her some *quid pro quo,* which, "as the Island power has already a sufficiency of undigested territory on her hands, may appropriately take the form of a substantial loan on exceptionally favorable terms. Indeed, the news that Japan is about to launch upon a big program of naval expansion imparts more than a probability to this idea."

Observe the Oriental finesse of the Japanese publicity bureau. The next morning, and within twelve hours after this exhibition of lacerated heart, the despatches arrived from Japan announcing the enormous increase in their naval budget with a program of eighteen new Dreadnoughts, eight of which are super-Dreadnoughts, which will be the minimum requirement "with which they will be able to meet a certain Power in the Pacific," which of course is the Power Great Britain does not care to fight merely as Japan's cat's-paw. So Japan says to Great Britain, "If you will not fight America with us, we will let you off if you loan us the money for eighteen new Dreadnoughts on specially favorable terms, with which we can do it ourselves."

Other despatches reach us that Japan's most popular paper has given notice of another grievance.

It declares that "Anglo-Russian co-operation has emptied the Anglo-Japanese alliance of its meaning; that the action of Great Britain in the China trouble has not been true to the alliance, and that the tacit consent given to Russian action in Mongolia is a violation of the integrity of China."

It does not appear that this Japanese paper has had anything to say about the Russo-Japanese Convention of 1910, which was the act on the part of Japan which emptied "the Anglo-Japanese alliance of its meaning." When Japan approached Russia on the matter of the division of China, and when the spheres of the one were marked out, one for Mongolia and the other for Southern Manchuria and Korea, it become the psychological moment for Great Britain to make it impossible for Japan to drag her into war with the United States. We are now told that Russia's action in Mongolia and Great

Britain's acquiescence constitute a new grievance to Japan, but there is nowhere evidence of solicitude on the part of Japan as to the wounded feelings of the other Great Powers, and especially Great Britain, regarding Japan's absorption of Korea, her flouting of her solemn treaty obligations regarding the open door, her antagonism to all British interests in Asia, and her encroachment upon Manchuria.

It is quite time that the British people found the proper term with which to characterise the whole behavior of Japan and her swollen ambitions and pretensions since the late war; that word is impudence. Let us recognize it at once and act accordingly. Japan is past-master in the fine art of walking all over other people's toes, while expressing the most righteous indignation if her own members are impinged. It is no new attitude on her part, and it is becoming more than tiresome.

The time has come in the interest of an Anglo-Saxon hereafter for Great Britain and the United States, so far as Japan is concerned, to *re-enact the laws of Japan.*

Important Notice

The third article on "IS THERE A COAL RING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA?" will be held over until next month. Owing to important correspondence with the Government at Ottawa, which is not yet concluded, it would be inadvisable for us to publish any more details concerning the coal situation at the present moment.—EDITOR.

East Indians Oversea

By R. R. GIBSON

ALTHOUGH the colony of British Columbia is naturally more concerned with the influx of yellow Asiatics than with the question of swarthier peoples, it may not be altogether undesirable to consider East Indians oversea, because, being indigenous to the British Empire, their presence is the more plausible and justifiable on sentimental grounds.

Is it necessary, therefore, to premise what I am going to say with a long exposition of a truism? or may it be taken as a hypothetical axiom that all Asiatics, in a colony founded on European democratic-nationalistic ideas, are equally undesirable and out of place?

Let us peep into the mystery and examine why this is so. But we will only touch on the three main reasons, though there are, of course, dozens of minor ones which it is not important to bring into prominence now.

The three principal ones are the following:

(1) "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet" . . . . without bad results, either of a sexual or other nature.

(2) The Asiatic enjoys the absence of "wants," which enables him to undersell the white worker, whether his merchandise be labor or concrete commodities. An absence of wants also makes an individual just as independent of the community in which he lives as the possession of great riches.

(3) Orientals bring their ancient civilizations and religions with them, and practically form an Imperium in Imperio, worshipping their own gods, obeying the dictates of their own customs, and refusing to become absorbed into the white swirling waves of democracy around them.

Now, it is only necessary to turn over the pages of the last fifty or sixty years to perceive that whenever East Indians have been transplanted from the sun-bathed shores of Madras or Bengal to a white colony oversea, trouble in one form or another has sooner or later declared its presence.

In certain places, such, for example, as British Columbia, the question has never reached beyond the mild remonstrance stage, though the trouble is none the less there and must without any shadow of doubt come to a head some day.

In my own humble opinion, the sooner it is brought to a head, and properly grappled with the better for everyone concerned; for is it not wiser to extinguish the burning powder-train than to allow the explosion to sweep you and your drifting philanthropies away into oblivion?

East Indians usually become transplanted, then, in one of three ways: either voluntarily as students, voluntarily as free laborers, or as indentured laborers.

The first of these categories, though a very important one for Londoners to consider, owing to the bad results of Eurasian race degradation, need not concern us here.

The Empire as a whole does not feel the presence of East Indian students, any more than Londoners feel the presence of those yellow strangers who saw planks in Victoria, or monopolize the fishing industry within hundreds of miles of Vancouver Island.

Class 2, however, does very seriously concern British Columbians, again for three reasons:

(1) The Asiatic competes with white men, who are handicapped by "wants."

(2) If a Hindu, he has lost his caste by crossing the ocean, and, whether a Hindu or a Mahometan, does not improve by contact with white men, because an East Indian emancipated from his own restricting environment very easily becomes a drunkard.

(3) The idea of Imperial citizenship, which philanthropic dreamers in London are too fond of trying to force down the throats of colonists oversea.

This latter reason places British statesmen in the altogether unenviable position of a very battered shuttlecock which tries unsuccessfully to avoid being belabored by two vigorous smiters. The poor fellows hear a babel of Bengali voices exclaiming "Respect our rights!" from the Indian Congress on one side, and again a deep-throated "Respect our rights!" from Transvaalers or British Columbians on the other.

Where their perspicacity usually fails is in trying to balance a deep-throated national voice against the ill-considered request of a few would-be politicians, who do not represent the real feelings of India at all.

India as a whole is an agricultural country, and its ideas are also extremely monarchical.

The peasant, therefore, expects to be ruled, and ruled well; otherwise he will assuredly rise and sweep away his rulers.

But he has no desire whatever to rule himself on European democratic-nationalistic lines.

He is unfitted for such a thing by custom, by climate—which makes him prefer the afternoon of life—and by education.

It is therefore not difficult to understand why trouble has resulted, and will result, from the transplantation of Asiatics to a white colony oversea.

Only a few years ago the question assumed grave proportions in South Africa. There the East Indians of Natal were the point at issue; but to give a rapid survey of the whole controversy it is necessary to peep over our shoulder, and to look down upon the road tracked out by two generations across the hills of time.

Some fifty years ago Natal, owing to labor shortage, decided to base her industrial development upon East Indian coolie labor. To do this she necessarily had to approach the Indian Government, which sat half-buried under minute-jackets and officialdom in the restricting atmosphere of Calcutta.

The latter was both paternal and self-centered.

Its officials naturally desired to do the best they could for those over whom they ruled. At the same time, they were utterly incapable of understanding the aims and aspirations of a white democratic-nationalistic daughter state.

Accordingly they permitted Natal to import indentured laborers, but with the proviso that the laborers should be allowed to reside, and have vested rights, in that colony after the expiry of their term of servitude.

Indian women began embarking with the males for those distant, misunderstood offshoots of the British "Raj" across the waves, and continued to migrate thither for more than half a century; so that Natal is now faced with a vast East Indian population which has sprung up far in excess of the white community residing there.

Meantime the other white countries of Greater Britain—Australia, Canada and South Africa—were successively passing through the stages of Responsible Government and Federation, until they were becoming Commonwealths or Dominions. But, as they did so, they realized, far more vividly than Londoners or Indian bureaucrats could do, the undesirability of having Asiatics in their midst who could not be absorbed into a white democratic-nationalism.

In consequence, they passed various kinds of restrictive laws, until they eventually came down to absolutely closing their gates against Orientals by adopting what is called the Natal Act.

This Act is framed in such a way as to give the Immigration officials of a colony power to refuse admission to any person who fails to satisfy them as to his knowledge of a European tongue. It is important, for its construction is so flexible as to make it either an instrument of restriction or of complete exclusion at will.

On paper it appears restrictive. In fact, it is exclusive.

A glance at the map will show any reader, whose knowledge of geography is not strong, that Natal and the Transvaal are continuous States. But whereas one was entirely white, the "Garden Colony" was chiefly brown, and yet they were rushing along,

together with other South African States, towards a point of political convergence when they would federate into one consolidated whole.

Even before that point was reached the Transvaal, fully alive to the undesirability of admitting Asiatics within its portals, became engaged in a prolonged warfare with certain East Indians who claimed Imperial citizenship, until the Home Government, much against its will, was compelled to arrange some compromise or to lay down a workable *modus operandi.*

In the end the Transvaalers, who had meantime merged into the South African Federation, gained their point, so that Natal last year ceased from importing Indian coolies.

Now, this little digression over the quarrel between Natal and her neighbor has incidentally introduced us to the third category under which East Indians become transplanted, namely, as indentured laborers; and this is probably the biggest class of all.

Certainly it was so until Natal stopped the system.

Even now Mauritius, Jamaica, Trinidad and British Guiana continue to import. So do Ceylon and the Malay States, but neither of the latter can be classed as a white man's country; and furthermore, the coolies who go there only sign their labor contracts after arrival. They do not go under an organized system of indenture.

The other four places mentioned above will broadly classify as "melting pot" States or Provinces, and there, I need hardly say, the East Indian is not at his best.

In British Guiana, especially, the seeds of transplantation must inevitably bear bitter fruit when East Indians begin to take a hand in politics, and even now there are signs that the day is not far off.

Hitherto the brown-skinned Oriental, having all his monarchical ideas, combined with a distinct disinclination for self-rule, behind him, has been content to allow the Immigration Agent-General to voice—or try to voice—his grievances in the local Parliament. The elected black or jaundice-colored members, benefiting by the aptitude of the negro to imitate the white, have of late years been making a considerable headway against white rule, and have grown into the habit of completely disregarding the East Indians altogether. It looks as if the colony would like East Indian coolies to become a sort of helot class. It wants their value, but not their votes.

That is the position in a nutshell.

The policy would seem to be an attempt to make East Indians jump into the melting-pot and become deasiaticized. But whenever the sons of Ind cease to be Asiatic you will find decay, either drunkenness or something else. The very officials set over them to watch their interests have never felt the breath of the Indian Ocean blowing upon their cheeks; they know not the coolie's past nor his personality. They may be very hard-working, conscientious officials, but how can they understand the Oriental when they have never set foot in India?

All these points may have only a very transitory interest for Britishers more happily situated in temperate climates; but at least they serve to point out one great lesson which neither London nor Canada nor South Africa can ever afford to forget:

"East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet" . . . . . without trouble. And any fusion tends towards the degradation of both.

His Majesty's Ships of Peace

FREE OCEAN FERRIES: THE EMPIRE'S NAVY OF COMMERCE

By William Greener

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this article Mr. Greener, who is better known as "Wirt Gerrare," author of "Greater Russia," puts forward a startling proposal. The scheme has some obvious drawbacks, but as it is the first time that it has been put before the public we refrain from any comment, and print Mr. Greener's suggestion as it stands. It is well worth thinking about. The reader will do well to keep in mind the hundreds of millions of dollars now spent on maintaining the British Navy.

The following idea of free ocean ferries originated with Mr. W. Angus on board the SS. Celtic, after an Educational Congress at St. Louis. It was propounded at a debate under the chairmanship of Sir E. H. Holden, chairman of the London City and Midland Bank, and ex-M.P. for Lancashire. Amongst those taking part in the debate on that occasion were British and American manufacturers, British, American and Japanese university graduates, delegates to the Educational Congress, and some newspaper correspondents. It does not need any very exhaustive exposition to show that commerce, the interchange of commodities, is the greatest, and in some cases the only power that forms a substantial bond between countries peopled by different races or even by different branches of the same race. The increase of commerce is, more than anything else, removing international, political and racial differences and making for the peace of the world. It is the extension of trade that is developing countries that were formerly composed of sections of people separated by political barriers. The part of the American constitution that forbids the States to impose tariffs against each other has done more to consolidate the great republic than anything else. This idea of free ocean ferries will in its turn lead directly to the federation of the scattered parts of the British Empire, and furthermore, lead to an unparalleled development of the illimitable stores of undeveloped wealth in the British overseas possessions. It will make the interests of the Mother-country and those of her daughter states identical, and the whole Empire will be gradually but effectively made one by a tie of common interest.

UNFORTUNATELY the Empire of Britain is separated by seas and oceans. The distances are so great that the total extent of the whole is not appreciated, and the possibility of its homogeneity is questioned. Canada, Africa, Australia are names not inseparably associated with England; their inhabitants have no direct interest with British settlers in Borneo, Guiana, Cyprus, and Hong Kong. Certainly, political federation is impossible under present conditions; the Empire must be consolidated before any such alliance becomes practicable, and first each colony and dependency must be brought into closer connection, not only with the United Kingdom, but with the others. This is only to be accomplished by developing British and intercolonial commerce.

The immediate duty of British statesmen all over the world, therefore, is to promote British trade. Great Britain is an industrial country, and must remain so or sacrifice the adjective. For the continued welfare of her industries it is imperative that her manufacturers be free to purchase their necessary raw material in the cheapest markets of the world. Fortunately Greater Britain can supply, or can be made to supply, all the raw materials British industries require. All that is needed of the state is help in bringing the goods to the market—help in bridging the seas that separate the wealth-producing and wealth-creating countries.

How is this to be accomplished?

There is an answer, and a simple one, given by Mr. W. Angus, chairman of a large manufacturing and trading company having factories in London, Glasgow and Manchester, and possessing intimate trade relations with Canada and the United States of America. Mr. Angus advocates the establishment of free ocean ferries between British ports.

At first the proposal seems absurd and the scheme chimerical; but after it has been considered it will be found to have other qualities than novelty and audacity; it foreshadows not only greater all-round advantages than are claimed for any other policy proposed with a view to promoting trade within the Empire, but to be free from the objections urged against them. It is feasible and it is just. I have no hesitation in putting it forth with all seriousness.

Why not free ocean ferries? In the long ago, quite as much as today, roads were necessary to commerce. The old-time traders followed the waterways of Europe and Asia, or sailed the trackless seas. Highways were made between towns and districts; railways were constructed—all to facilitate commerce.

It was the custom to levy tolls on the users of the highways, and exact a fee from all who passed over bridges built at public, as well as those erected at private, expense; but this plan has fallen into desuetude, because the advantages to a community of toll-free bridges and highways outbalance the value of revenue from a tax on means of communication. Free river subways and free river ferries have also been established for the public benefit, and free ocean ferries are now needed to develop British intercolonial trade.

It is apparent that if the Canadian settler, having forwarded his produce to the limit of Canadian territory, had it delivered free of further expense to him wherever in the markets of the Empire it is needed most, he would be in an equal position in reference to his trade with the world markets of Great and Greater Britain, as he would be with regard to the nearer market of the United States, even if reciprocity therewith were an accomplished fact.

It is also apparent that this free-freightage would constitute a preference in favor of the British grower, that the raiser of wheat in the United States or in Argentina would have no means of rendering nugatory. The Canadian or other British colonist would be in the position of commanding the British market, of having his produce sold in that market at its market value, and this without incurring any further risk or expense to him than is necessary to convey his produce from his own land to the nearest native port.

In the same way the Australian wool-grower, the African grazier and the Guiana sugar planter would benefit equally, and be brought into close trade relations with every British market available for their produce. It will be said that free freightage is equal to a direct bonus to the overseas producer, whether he be Canadian wheat-grower, Australian grazier, or West Indian planter, because these will sell their produce, not at the market value at the port of embarkation, but at the prices ruling at destination. But free freightage would prevent prices rising, would ensure regular and sufficient supplies, and, by encouraging the development of natural resources, add greatly to the wealth of Greater Britain.

Insofar as free ocean ferries would enable these producers to market their crops, they would tend to foster emigration, so that in time all the needs of British subjects might, and probably would, be supplied from within the Empire. They would ensure markets to the producer and supplies to the consumer; they would help British manufacturers, first by keeping down prices and keeping up supplies of raw material, and secondly, by creating wealth in Britain overseas, add to the number and to the purchasing ability of the buyers of British manufacturers; they would help Canadian, Australian, South African, and all British colonists, not only by what is tantamount to a direct bounty on exports to any and every British port, but, what is of more importance, would ensure a market, lead to the more rapid settlement of remote lands, and add to the wealth of each and every one of them by introducing labor to exploit natural resources. There can be no doubt that the facilities offered for conveying the produce of each country to the best markets would attract capital and settlers from all parts of the world, and lead to a supply of labor for the extraction of wealth now dormant.

The realization of this scheme would link up our various countries into one great commercial and political entity—a nation vastly superior in population, wealth and resources to any in the world. Commercial confederation *would create national sentiment and engender mutual interests which in time would lead to complete political federation and to Imperial free-*

trade, just as now exists between the parts of the United States of America. In *every sense the scheme is constructive;* it would not provoke foreign nations or antagonize any state, for it would create *new* wealth, and so enrich the world, and by enriching the world would benefit everyone.

How is the free ocean ferry to be launched? Is there any way in which the scheme can be made feasible and developed?

In the first place, the cost of the free ferry, like the cost of a highway or a bridge, must be borne by the community benefiting by it. In the case of free ferries between British ports, it is clearly the whole British people who would benefit, so the whole Empire must bear the cost.

In the next place, the ferry must not be private property. The vessels performing the service of the Empire must be owned and controlled by the Empire, and used solely in the public interest for the public benefit. It would not do to employ ships which are the property of private owners—ships which could be put to other service when freights ruled high, or sold to foreign competitors whenever the owners found it profitable to dispose of them. The Empire must have its own commercial fleet, as it has its own war fleet. Preferably the ships should be built purposely, on lines suited to the service.

Instead of paying further subsidies of millions sterling to private companies as retaining fees for vessels which the State might never require and never use, the Empire would own the ships and would use them until worn out.

The money required for their construction might be raised more easily and more cheaply than by any private person, company or corporation, and this capital would be subscribed, not only in England and the British possessions, but by foreign investors, so that the development of the British resources would be largely assisted by foreign capital.

Arrangements would be made to build an equal number of these vessels in England, Scotland, Ireland, and in those British countries overseas which possess facilities for steel shipbuilding, so that from the first there would be opportunities for introducing new industries and the further development of the resources of our dominions.

The vessels would be all of the same type—large cargo-carrying boats with ample engine power, capable of steaming at high speed and readily convertible into transports and cruisers, and of the best design for their purpose.

One vessel in five would be a modern cruiser and fully equipped as a vessel of war. These cruisers would form a fleet (belonging to the Empire, and not to Great Britain alone) capable of convoying cargo ships of their class in time of war, and ensure the transport of food supplies where necessary, thus relieving the English warships from convoy duties, and allowing the fighting fleets to be kept at full strength.

The Imperial fleet of cruisers and cargo boats would be manned by *British* crews exclusively. The crews of the freighters would be required to serve a term on board the cruisers in each year for naval training, so that at any time they might fight their own ships if necessary, or be called upon to join the Navy if their services could be more usefully employed in that way. The officers and crews would be engaged solely for the service, receiving pensions and status which would attract to this Imperial fleet the best men available in all parts of the Empire.

This fleet would tend to make peace permanent. In case of war, Great Britain—the heart of the Empire—would be free from any risk of losing its food supplies; but war would be unlikely, as no nation, or combination of nations, would venture to attack a federated Greater Britain.

It must be remembered that, although no payment would be accepted for the conveyance of cargo, the work would be done, and the countries would have the value of the service, for the ships would still earn as much as other vessels of this class; but this work, instead of being paid for in money to the shipowners (as it is now) would be absorbed by those who produced the goods and those who consumed them. In short, the entire British public would become their own shipowners, carrying their own goods to their own profit, instead of the profit of private shipowners. *The fleet would not endanger or in any way damage the important interests of British shipping companies,* as it would be the first duty of

the council controlling the enterprise to employ its capital and direct its efforts to create commerce *where it does not now exist,* by opening up the vast tracts of idle lands in Africa, Australia and other countries for the production of cotton, sugar, wheat, etc. These new settlements would give employment for shipping between themselves and foreign countries, and long before the Empire fleet could take care of all the trade between British ports, *new trade would be created,* which would require larger private fleets than now exist.

Among the advantages of free ocean ferries would be the freedom of the markets of the Empire, thus giving us many of, if not all, the advantages of a continental Empire. *Britons would have a preference in every British market* to the extent of free ocean transport, and to that only, for the tariffs of each country would be such as deemed by their Governments to be in their interest.

By encouraging and developing commerce the free ocean ferry service would knit together each and every useful outport and create a bond of common interest in every British settlement or British possession. The development of overseas countries and settlements would not only enrich the United Kingdom, but increase the wealth of each and every dominion or colony by exploiting to the full extent the whole of its natural resources.

By linking up the Empire the value of labor would be equalized; by the free ferry suitable unemployed would be conveyed to that part where their services could be utilized profitably, or they were enabled to establish themselves on unoccupied land which needs only labor to call from its vast resources treasures of untold wealth.

The work of federating our dominions, colonies and dependencies, and of thus uniting the Empire, is beyond the practical scope of political parties and of the means at their disposal, for the means and methods of procedure available were devised only for the accomplishment of the everyday purposes of practical legislation.

The initiation of every Imperial scheme must originate elsewhere, in an atmosphere removed from the pettiness of political strife.

The free ocean ferry and the Imperial fleet cannot be established successfully unless the central and overseas Governments co-operate to that end. It may be suggested that a Council of the Empire be summoned, for the purpose of considering methods best adapted to promote Imperial commerce, and such a council, if agreed as to the merits of this scheme, would decide upon the constitution of the Board of Control, formed of representatives of each Government.

To this body would be relegated the duty, not only of founding and managing the ferries and fleet, but of deciding upon the direction and extent of the ferry services.

This Imperial Council would not confine its efforts to carrying products. With the capital which it could command it would enter into large schemes for the development of vast sections of unoccupied lands, which would in time return immense profits.

In establishing free ocean ferries we have a scheme which would greatly favor manufacturing industries in every British country, and attract both capital and labor.

This great enterprise would bring into partnership all the countries of the Empire. This mutual interest must lead to Imperial federation.

The Shantyman

By R. O. Sweezey
Civil and Forestry Engineer, Quebec City

OF all classes of laborers, the Eastern Canada shantyman—particularly the French-Canadian woodsman of Quebec Province—is the most strenuous, while at the same time the most genial, of workers. Skilful in all that pertains to log-making and the use of the axe, which he has learned to handle from early childhood, he is ever at home in the forest and wilds. Like the Indian, were he unable to find his camp ground before nightfall, he would assure you that it is not he, but the camp that is lost, for he is at home anywhere in the forest, while cold and hardship have no terrors for him, since he can usually make himself comfortable in spite of the worst conditions imaginable.

To such men as these the stories of awful hardship and privation, which resulted in the death of many gold-seekers in the Klondyke rush, are hard to understand. Too many stories of such hardships in every part of Canada are chargeable to the obstinate cocksureness characteristic of the Britishers and mining prospectors baked on the fields of tropical suns. Such men have entered the Canadian wilds utterly lacking in experience and disdaining well-tried and efficient methods of the humble bush-whacker and true hero of the forest, who rarely gets into print, except to be presented in the light of coarse profanity or vulgar habits.

Tracing the history of the shantyman through the romantic legends of the *conteurs de conte,* the impression is gained that those of the early lumbering days were of the roughest and most formidable character—physical giants with whom the shantyman of the present day would be but miserably contrasted. From truer, though less romantic, sources it is found, however, that those old bush-whackers could not chop more logs in a given time than the present-day lumbermen. The converse of this is also true, in spite of the belief that modern methods have altered all kinds of work. In fact, the whole system of log-making in Eastern Canada is, with few exceptions, the same today as it was some sixty or seventy years ago, but the demand for small logs in pulp-making has in a measure altered the conditions of transporting logs.

Not very many years ago the shantymen lived robustly all through the long winters on nothing but pea soup and pork and beans, with bread and molasses. Tea was a costly luxury which the extravagant user had to pay for at exorbitant prices, to be deducted from his wages of $8.00 to $12.00 a month. In the centre of the old log shanty was a huge fire, used for cooking as well as to assure warmth and comfort in the bunks, the smoke escaping through an opening in the roof.

In the modern lumber camp, operated by the lumber or pulp and paper companies, every consistent luxury in the way of food, warmth and cleanliness is provided. Though built of round logs and bearing an uninviting appearance from the outside, these large log huts, which afford shelter for anywhere from 30 to 150 men, being substantially built, are about as snug and comfortable as any man could wish.

In the long winter evenings, when the thermometer registers, perhaps, 40 degrees below zero, and outside the snap of the frost-bitten spruces and pines awakens the silence of the forest with sharp echoes, the men gather around the great camp stove, silently smoking their *tabac Canadien,* while an old stanty veteran, sitting where he can maintain the glow of his pipe with an occasional hot coal from the stove, will recount the legendary tales of the old

coureurs de bois, the *voyageurs,* the Wendigo,* or the "Chasse Gallerie."† Many tales of heroic and exciting incidents in the free life of the early pioneers struggling against savagery and the wilderness have thus been handed down and embellished from generation to generation. These and other stories, which seem to fuse extraordinary reality and history with mythological fancy and terrifying superstition, and songs of French-Canadian folklore, would gladden the heart and enrich the hopes of the aspiring writer of romance, for very little has ever been written of these picturesque studies.

The shantyman is undoubtedly the most vigorous and healthy man in the country. Born or reared on the frontier, he takes his hard times as a matter of course. To carry 200 or 300 lbs. on his back across a portage is to him a very ordinary feat, while he can travel all day in rain or cold water and slush with an 80 lb. pack, and at night, with a few dexterous strokes of the axe, throw up a "lean-to" of fir boughs, all the time being in the most jovial mood.

With such men as these, log-making is easy; but in order to make the logs cheaply and thus take advantage of such skilfulness and energy, the management of pulp mills should give out to them all their log-making by contract. Many new companies object to this method, preferring to establish their own carefully-studied and elaborate systems of camps, roads, teams and day labor. But one season usually suffices to prove the inferiority, in point of cost, of their system to that of the French-Canadian jobber. In the jobber system the company gives contracts for the season's cut of logs to one or several responsible men, who in turn sublet the work in small contracts to habitant jobbers and such men as have horses and are adapted to the work.

The company, if it owns limits, may cut their logs on these, or buy by contract from farmers scattered along rivers or railroads; but both methods are often adopted, obviously to save the timber on the limits of the company.

The duty of the company's forestry engineer or superintendent is to know the limits thoroughly, in order to determine upon the policy to be pursued in the annual operations. He will therefore determine the locality and area of operation for each season's cut. He must know how many logs the area will yield, the conditions of operating, the cost of improvements to rivers, log-driving, the storage requirements for the drive, and to place head contractors and jobbers so that lumbering may be carried on in the most economical way.

The superintendent supervises operations in the forest, to prevent wasteful cutting, and also to see that jobbers shall cut and haul out the logs that are far from the river, as well as those that are easy of access.

According to Quebec law, no trees smaller than 7 feet on the stump may be cut, and in cutting year by year on different parts of the limits, the portion lumbered on is allowed to grow up again, so that under natural conditions it will be ready to yield another cut twenty to forty years later.

The jobber goes into the woods in September or October with some of his sons, or lacking these, a couple of hired men or boys, and one or more horses, often taking with him also his wife and small children. He builds his abode of round logs, the spaces between them being well stuffed with moss, so that with a good wood pile at hand the small shanty is at least warm and snug, if not bright and airy. The same kind of shanty is built for the horses, though often the small jobber, with his wife and children, one or two hired men and his horses, are all sheltered under the same roof, with a peek-a-boo partition to keep the horses from promiscuously trampling on the children. In a few such camps the horse is not put to this indignity, but is allowed to enter by the same door and share the same one-room abode with the human occupants, probably being

*The Wendigo—An evil spirit of the forest whose doings are enshrouded in mystery.

†The "Chasse Gallerie"—"In the days of the old regime in Canada the free life of the woods and prairies proved too tempting for the young men, who frequently deserted civilization for the savage delights of the wilderness. These voyageurs and coureurs de bois seldom returned in the flesh, but on every New Year's Eve, back through storm and hurricane, in midair, came their spirits in ghostly canoes, to join for a brief spell the old folks at home and kiss the girls on the annual feast of the Jour de l'An, or New Year's Day. The legend which still survives in French-speaking Canada is known as 'La Chasse Gallerie.'"—Drummond.

assigned a stall adjacent to the foot of the two-storey bunk, so that he may, if he wishes, back up to the full length of his halter to warm his limbs by the stove, which he not infrequently makes a sad mess of.

Being able to work well under such economical conditions, the jobber is favorably equipped to compete with the large company's camps, where high wages and good living prevail. Besides, with his "bob-sleighs" and "grand-sleighs" he can with facility make roads to reach every part of his allotted area. These roads, or trails, all lead to a main or trunk road, which in turn leads directly to the "rollways" on the river banks. The frozen ground and abundance of snow make it easy to build these roads, over which enormous loads can be drawn on runner sleighs, since the natural slope within a river valley or watershed is always toward the river.

A good axeman will chop about 100 pulp logs of 12 to 16 feet lengths in a day. The logs are strewn along the various roads, where they are picked up by the teamsters and drawn out to the rollways. With the disappearance of the snow in the spring the logs are rolled down the sloping banks and into the river, thus starting the log drive, which may be only ten miles long, or, as on the Ottawa River, 150 miles to the mills.

The skill and daring of the French-Canadian driver or riverman are far-famed. His hours are from starlight to starlight, for every second of daylight must be utilized while the flood is on. Often in the front of a great jam of logs on the crest of a roaring rapid a picked few of these drivers will work like madmen to break the jam, when suddenly, perhaps, the great mass of 40,000 or 50,000 logs is started slowly at first, but quickly gathers speed with the rush of pent-up waters. The brave fellows, canthook in hand, are now nimbly jumping and side-stepping to reach safety, while the cheer of the thirty or forty men on the rope gang ashore is but faintly heard above the rumbling and crashing of the mass of logs.

In driving large rivers, into which the smaller streams carry their burden of logs, the dangers which the men have to face are numerous, drowning and other accidents frequently occurring. Oar boats of the flat-bottomed pointed type, especially adapted for rough rapids and portages, are sometimes swept over impassable rapids or falls, drowning some or all of the crew.

Probably the logging river which offers the most interesting and fearful history is the Quinze River, which is a part of the upper main Ottawa. Owing to the roughness of this river, which roars through fifteen miles of rapids and falls, ending at Lake Temiskaming with the famous "Devil's Chute," its extreme dangers inspired many dare-devil exploits on the part of the shantymen, whose adventurous spirits could not fail to be quickened by the weird stories of the early days when the river was used as part of the main route of the Hudson's Bay Company from Montreal to Lake Abitibbi and James Bay.

A Definition

By W. R. STEVENSON

Man: a point of exclamation !
A pause—for futile strife;
Note of blank interrogation — ?
Torn from the Book of Life.

A PAGE FOR INVESTORS

THE number of queries regarding investments in British Columbia that we receive from readers in the East and in Europe has rendered it necessary for us to make an arrangement with a gentleman familiar with the British Columbia financial world who will reply on this page every month. The names of firms will not be published, but will be sent by letter if stamps are enclosed with the query, to cover postage. This month we publish replies to all the letters that remain on hand. In future all queries will be answered here.

W. E., Aberdeen.—There was an article on Graham Island in the March number, which is continued in this issue. There is a great deal of cheap farm land there that will form a profitable investment. We are sending you further information by this mail.

H. de F., Quebec.—The exact location of the new railway is not yet made public. As soon as the details are available for publication we shall publish a map in this magazine.

A. S., Plymouth, Eng.—We have forwarded your letter to a gentleman in Victoria, who will give you all the information you want. Most of such land can be purchased on terms spread over a number of years. The price quoted you is very reasonable. Of course a full cash payment would entitle you to ask for a reduction.

Mrs. M. H., Surbiton, Eng.—The highest price obtained on Granville Street, Vancouver, up to date, is $4,500 per front foot. Point Grey is a choice residential section.

F. J. L., Winnipeg.—There was an article in the March number dealing with Port Mann. Building operations have already commenced there. Any of the advertisers in our March number with Port Mann land to sell will give you full particulars.

Capt. H. B. F., Dublin.—The company you refer to is not well known here. We will make further enquiries and let you know by mail. We have asked the Tourist Association to send you a copy of "Vancouver in Tabloid."

H. G., Edmonton.—The map is fairly correct. The government have not yet issued a new map. The geodetic survey was continued last year and will be taken up again this spring. Write to the Department of Lands, Victoria, B. C.

F. T. S., Paris, France.—The head office is in Montreal. All their business in the West is handled through the Vancouver branch. We can send you the book if you will forward postage. Twenty-five cents.

H. J., Halifax, N. S.—The townsite has been surveyed and the Railway Commission have ordered a station to be placed there. The situation is generally regarded by people who have seen it to be the best in Central British Columbia.

G. G. M., Calgary.—We cannot tell you. We have sent your letter to the firm in question and they will no doubt tell you what you want to know. They are of very high standing here.

P. G., Glasgow.—The Okanagan is in the dry belt. If you will send postage (25 cents) we will send you a booklet that explains the system of irrigation. None of the Nicola Valley coal comes into Vancouver at present. The prospectus you speak of was issued in 1906. The "World," the "Province," the "Sun," the "News-Advertiser," in Vancouver; the "Times" and the "Colonist," Victoria.

F. K. J., Gloucester, Eng.—Work on the bridge has not yet commenced. There is no doubt whatever about its being built in the near future. We have an article in preparation that will give all details as soon as they are available for publication. Read the article by Mr. Bower in this issue. He was in the Peace River country for ten years.

Mrs. A. F. G., Chelsea.—All the British Columbia Government publications, including maps, can be obtained from Mr. Turner, the British Columbia representative in London. It is not a limited company. Dr. Vrooman's address in London is Whitehall Court, S. W. Address Mr. Bryan Williams, Provincial Game Warden, Vancouver, B. C.

The Thousand-dollar "Broad"

A VANCOUVER RACE-TRACK STORY

By F. Dickie

Francis Denver, after many years of life in the "underworld," goes back to his home in the East, where his past is unknown. He tries to settle down as a farmer, and marries a country girl—a former playmate. He finds the old life calling him too strongly, and he returns to the Pacific Coast and his shady companions. He brings Lee with him and she becomes initiated into the life of the "grifters," the people who live by crooked card-playing and race-track swindles. It is a story taken from real life, written by one who knows.

THERE were still ten days remaining before the opening of the second Vancouver race meeting, and the bunch hung around the hotel, spending most of their time between the rotunda and the bar. With them Francis joined, idling away the long days of inaction.

Little by little, as the days went by, Francis explained things to his wife. Often as they sat around their room at night he told her of the ways, tricks and traditions of the "grift." And Lee, blinded by the glamor of her love, did not see the sordidness and shallowness that lay beneath it all, and slowly, but surely, her moral code underwent a change—the great mass of people around her became of a different world, to be held in contempt and preyed upon.

As yet the "grift," barring the little she had glimpsed of it upon the fairgrounds, was an unknown world to her, but she listened eagerly to all her husband's anecdotes and absorbed the jargon of words that he used with great quickness.

Nic, now that Lee had become, in a way, one of his own world, dropped in occasionally and several times went with Francis and his wife to the theatre.

Early in the evening of the day before the opening of the race meeting, Francis was leaning lazily at the cigar stand scanning the overnight entries for the first day's racing, when he noticed Nic and a stranger coming down the rotunda. Francis took Nic's companion in with one swift glance. The man was of medium size, and in dress and manner suggested a well-to-do farmer or rancher. Something in the stranger's appearance suggested easy money to the grifter, so after the first quick glance he dropped his eyes and continued scanning the yellow paper in his hand.

The pair approached, and were just about to pass, when Nic remarked quickly, "Here is the gentleman I was speaking about now. Mr. Denver meet Mr. Barnes."

Francis, taking his cue from his pal's manner, shook hands, remarking, "Pleased to meet any friend of Mr. Nicklin's, I'm sure."

"Yes," the stranger remarked, "Mr. Nicklin seems to think that you have a pretty good horse."

For a minute Francis was stumped. "Yes," he said, stalling for Nic to give him a clue.

"Your horse Egret is entered tomorrow, isn't he?" Nic asked casually.

Egret, Francis knew, was a four-year-old colt owned by Stores, the bookmaker, and had been a good performer as a three-year-old, but was now gone bad in the front feet. Evidently the game was to "broad" the stranger upon this horse tomorrow.

"Yes, he starts in the second race. Interested in the racing game, Mr. Barnes?"

The stranger smiled. "Well, in a way. I used to have a little running mare that won a few races up around Edmonton and some of the smaller towns, but I don't follow it much. I just came into Vancouver on business. A firm here sold a piece of land for me, and I came in to collect the money, and seeing as I'm here, I'd like

to get a few pointers. Never overlook a bet!" he added jocularly. "But let's get a drink."

They filed into the bar and ordered, the grifters drinking small beer, while Mr. Barnes took a very big drink of whiskey. This Francis noted, for all these little things came in handy to remember. This farmer who had just sold land looked like a good thing.

"Well, what chance has your horse got of winning tomorrow, Mr. Denver?"

"Really, you know, that's not a very fair or polite question, for here are a good many who would like to know the answer to the same question," Francis replied.

"That's right, my boy. I see you don't tell all you know."

Nic ordered another drink, and again Mr. Barnes filled his whiskey glass. He had evidently been drinking considerably during the afternoon, and was in an exceedingly happy frame of mind.

"Come, now, Mr. Denver," he said loudly, when he finished his drink, at the same time administering a genial slap upon the grifter's shoulder, "I'll bet a little money if you'll tell me what is good."

Francis noted many pairs of eyes turned his way. They were mostly those of the bunch, but it was a good time to get confidential and find out more about this good-looking stranger, so he slapped him quickly on the arm: "Not so loud, not so loud, Mr. Barnes. If you are really interested in the horses we will go somewhere where we can talk. You're staying in the house, Mr. Nicklin; may we use your room?"

"Certainly," Nic replied, and turning, led the way out of the bar and to the elevator. Up in the room they seated themselves comfortably, and Nic telephoned for drinks.

"Wonderful the things you can do nowadays; sit in your room and have things come a-runnin'—ain't it?" Mr. Barnes remarked, *apropos* of the telephone upon the wall.

"I suppose you are not averse to making a few dollars during your stay, Mr. Barnes?" Francis said, by way of opening the conversation.

The man from the prairie looked up and grinned.

"That's the ticket, my boy; always on the make is yours truly. I told Mr. Nicklin that, but he was kind of doubtful; said the big fellows like you was hard to get anything out of."

Francis laughed at this remark, and replied with just the right amount of unbending.

"Well, that is true, too, but a lot depends on the man and how big he is. I hate *small* men."

"Nothing small about your uncle; no, sir!" The stranger dug into his pocket and brought forth a big roll of bills, which both the grifters eyed with quick-drawn breath.

"That is all right; I can tell a *man* when I see him," Francis remarked, while he and Nic exchanged meaning glances. The stranger was evidently going to be easy pickings for them. Still, he was feeling good now, and on the morrow might tighten up.

"Now, suppose I was to put you on to a really good thing—something that I know for a certainty; how much would you be prepared to bet, Mr. Barnes?"

All depends, my boy; all depends what it is. I reckon you ought to know your own horse."

"I didn't say anything about my own horse, did I?" Francis said quickly, giving the impression that he had forgotten, and made a break.

"Ha! ha! I got you that time, my boy; you got to get up early in the morning to keep your uncle from finding out things."

The two grifters laughed in unison.

"Well," Francis continued, "you come out to the track tomorrow and take a look at the horse, and we'll do the rest of the business then, and, as you value your life, not a word of this to anyone! The least little thing getting out now might affect the betting and spoil our game. Provided you do as I say and keep your mouth shut you'll make a lot of money."

During this time Nic had sat silent, letting his partner carry on the conversation. The business, as far as that night was concerned, was at an end, but both grifters were anxious to get a little better idea of the size of the stranger's roll, and it was always their policy to keep as near as possible to a victim till his money was obtained. For this reason Nic made a suggestion: "Let us go down and have a little supper, gentlemen; I don't think Mr. Barnes has had a chance to see much of our cafes downtown yet."

"That's a fine idea," the stranger agreed, getting to his feet. He was very anxious to make an impression upon his new-found friends, and to keep in with this wise horseman who on the morrow was going to tip him to such a good thing, so he continued: "I'll butt the supper. Everything is on me tonight, for 't isn't every day an old farmer like me gets to town."

Francis looked at his watch. It was nearly ten, and he had left Lee in the room nearly two hours before, promising to be right back.

"I'll have to go and tell my wife."

"Got a wife? Well, bring her along, too. I like women's company."

Nic looked daggers at his pal for ringing in Lee, but a bright idea had sprung in Francis' mind.

"I'll just do that," he replied. "Wait a minute for us."

Quickly running up the stairs to the next floor, he went into the room and found Lee lying on the bed, half undressed, reading a book.

"Put on your best rags, Lee, and come on out to supper. Nic and I have connected with an old granger from the prairies that looks better than Rockefeller. He thinks that I own a racehorse named Egret. Egret's out of Watercress by Creston Bell, and starts in the second race tomorrow. That's all you have to know for conversational purposes on that question. But just jolly the old fellow along and don't say too much. You may be quite a help with this old boy, especially tomorrow after the race is run, when he loses his money. If you make a hit with him you can help cool him off, for a woman is nine times out of ten better at that than a man if she happens to be any kind of an actor."

While her husband was quickly running over these facts and pointers Lee was putting on her clothes, and as she stepped down the hallway the grifter looked at her admiringly, for she was very beautiful.

In the hallway below they met Nic and his companion, and Lee was introduced.

"Awful pleased to meet you," Mr. Barnes mumbled, taking in the handsome face and figure of the young woman with widening eyes.

"Nic and I will lead the way," Francis remarked, as they stepped onto the street and headed for uptown.

"Let's take a taxi; ladies got no business to walk," Mr. Barnes cried.

"It's only a couple of blocks," Nic returned, "so we might as well walk it."

And Lee, with the stranger by her side, followed blindly. And yet she had never dined outside of the hotel, and did not know where they were going. But in silence she accompanied Mr. Barnes, following closely on the two in front, and after a few minutes' walk reached the Bon-Ton, a cafe which most of the underworld workers patronized. It was a little early and the orchestra had not as yet come in. Francis led the way to a box at the further end of the room.

After their orders had been taken and a momentary silence fallen, the "live one" was suddenly struck with a bright idea.

"Waiter, bring us a couple of bottles of wine," he ordered, without giving any of the other three time either to accept or refuse. The wine was brought and poured, and as the waiter set the glass before Lee, Francis saw she was about to refuse. He gave a quick little cough, the warning "office," which she caught, and a minor catastrophe was averted.

"Here's luck to tomorrow," Nic proposed, and they all raised their glasses. Lee, a little doubtful, tasted the liquor, for never before in her life had anything stronger than grape juice or sweet cider passed her lips, but taking her cue from the others, she sipped it slowly.

"Great stuff, ain't it, little girl?" the farmer said, drunkenly jocular. Lee gave him a winning smile: "It sure is, old-timer," she replied.

This was all very strange and new to her; she did not like the man beside her, with his boisterous, clumsy ways, but he meant ready money to her husband, and with this in her mind she played her part.

For several hours they sat, while more bottles were brought. The stranger became very hilarious and communicative. Francis began to watch Lee a little nervously. Twice he had seen her furtively empty her glass beneath the table, but he was afraid what she had already drunk might affect her.

Finally Nic suggested that they adjourn, for he knew it was not well to have their *friend* drink too much. A "big head" in the morning, Nic knew, made a man sour and leary. This was a frame of mind the

grifters did not want their victim to be in.

As the stranger paid the bill, Francis and Nic both obtained another glance at his roll. There were many bills which looked to be mostly hundreds. At the door they paused a moment. The cafe was crowded, and out in front a long line of taxis, autos and hacks were standing. Mr. Barnes headed for a taxi, explaining drunkenly, "One of these for the lady and I; you fellows can walk."

For a moment Lee hesitated, but as Francis and Nic had already turned to another cab she stepped into the car.

The two cars arrived at the hotel together, and Francis and Lee, bidding Nic and his companion good-night, went up to their room.

Here the girl turned on her husband. Her eyes were wet and her lips were trembling. "I just hate you," she said bitterly, "leaving me alone in that cab with that horrible man."

For a long moment her husband stared at her, then remarked gravely, "I'm sorry you take it that way. I need you to help trim this old granger, and thought you would understand, and now—you're piking."

And the grifter really meant it, for ever since the first day at Westminster fair he had begun to take a little pride in his wife's learning. She was fast becoming one of his own world, but tonight she had failed him and had become sore over a matter of the game. There was no other thought in his mind, no repugnance at thus using her as a decoy; it was but part of the game which was his life, that had grown upon him in the long years of living in the underworld.

For a moment Lee stood eyeing him; then with a quick little cry she ran into his arms. Once more her love blinded her to the sordidness of these actions. Now she thought only of him. He was depending upon her to help him out. She was his pal, and though she had helped him tonight, she was rebuking him now that it was over.

"Forgive me, boy, but you know I really didn't mean it. It's all so new and strange to me; and then, he said such horrid things to me, that for the minute it made me angry at you for letting it be; but I see it all now, and I was a fool to feel like I did."

"There, there, girlie," Francis said soothingly, "it's all right—you're tired now. He said horrid things to you, did he? We'll trim him for a few extra dollars to make up for that."

They had hardly retired, when a soft knock came to the door. Francis, who was expecting Nic, called softly, and his pal entered, grinning good-naturedly.

"I got the old boy off to bed, and I believe I could have dipped him for his roll tonight, but I thought it better to wait till tomorrow, and then you'll get it, and there won't be any chance for a belch then. I'll have to go out to the track early and fix it up with Store's trainer, so that you can take Mr. Farmer over to see the horse."

"Say, there isn't a chance of Egret putting one over on us and winning?" Francis asked a little uneasily.

"What!" Nic snapped scornfully, "Egret can't run; his front feet's bad. I don't know what Stores put him in for, unless it is to make the pace. You see, he has another entry in that race, and Egret can make the pace for four or five furlongs for the bunch, and then Meltondale, that's his other horse, can come on strong."

Francis nodded. "I wonder how much we can take him for?"

"Well, he must have had over a thousand on him tonight. Get to him in the morning and buy him a few drinks. He's one of those 'easy chumps' once you got a few 'shots' into him. I guess I'll go to bed. Good-night. And, by the way," he added, "that horse is in stall 607, right across the infield from the grandstand." And Nic slipped out and closed the door.

Coming down to breakfast, Lee and Francis met Mr. Barnes entering the dining-room, so they breakfasted together. Breakfast over, the two men repaired to the bar. The man from the prairie was in excellent spirits, and his good humor increased after a couple of drinks, and the grifter's last worry vanished.

So Francis and Lee, accompanied by Mr. Barnes, caught the one-thirty interurban to the track.

Here they left Lee in the grandstand and went across the infield toward the stables. At the moment of their arrival there was no one around, and the grifter and his intended victim stood for several minutes looking in at the horse and talk-

ing. Then a man appeared from a neighboring stall. He came within several feet of them, then beckoned Francis with his finger. The grifter excused himself and followed the man out of earshot of the farmer.

"Nic was over and told me to make this play," the man remarked.

"All right, you did just right," Francis returned. "Now, just go through a few motions, like you were laying down the law to me, and then I'll go back. Did Nic slip you any dough?"

The man complied, at the same time replying, "No, he said you'd fix it up after the race."

"All right, I'll sure do that," Francis went on in slightly altered tones, his voice raised for the benefit of his victim. Then he walked back to where Mr. Barnes stood waiting.

"Is that your trainer?" Mr. Barnes asked eagerly.

Francis nodded.

"Well, what did he say?"

In a moment the grifter's manner changed. "Mr. Barnes," he said, and his voice was strangely cold and distant, "I don't know whether to let you in on this or not. It's almost too good."

For a moment the farmer's face fell. He hated to see what looked like ready money get away from him. "But you must; you promised you would last night." There was almost pleading in his voice.

"But I'm afraid you won't bet enough; you're probably like all the rest who make a big noise before the race is about to come off, then want to bet about a hundred dollars. After the race is run and the horse has won, they howl that they weren't made to bet more."

For answer the farmer drew forth his roll. "You just say how much; I'll show you whether I take a good thing or not."

Outwardly the grifter was calm, but his heart was pounding madly and his face had gone a little pale, for he was about to turn one of the biggest "single broads" of his career. "Say a thousand," he remarked coolly.

For just a minute Mr. Barnes hesitated: "There isn't a chance to lose, is there?"

For answer the grifter turned and started to walk away. "Hold on there, now, Mr. Denver, I didn't mean that," Barnes cried, following with the bills in his extended hand.

Denver turned slightly. "Well," he snapped, "yes or no? I really should not have let you in on this, but you seemed such a good fellow last night that I just couldn't help it," he finished, with hurt candor in his voice.

"We'd better get back there so I can place this money," Mr. Barnes said, eager now that his mind was made up.

The second critical point had come for the grifter. As they walked back to the grandstand he explained quickly, "I'll have to handle the money, Mr. Barnes. You see I can place it quickly and quietly, while you, being a stranger, could not bet this amount of money without exciting suspicion. That would shorten the price on the horse before you got it all down."

Again the farmer hesitated, but only for a second. He was satisfied now as to the goodness of his bet, and handed over ten one-hundred-dollar bills, which the grifter tucked quickly into his pocket.

They climbed up the stairs of the stand to where Lee was sitting. The first race had not been run as yet, and until it was over the booking upon the second race, in which Egret was entered, would not open up.

With little interest they watched this race, and when it was over and the voice of the shrill-toned announcer was heard below in the betting-ring, Francis rose and started down the steps with his victim right at his heels.

It might spoil all now to ask him to remain in the grandstand, so Francis allowed the farmer to follow, trusting to his own quickness to cover up the trick. Now that the man was following him, a new plan had flashed into his mind. At even a short distance the farmer could not tell whether he, Francis, was betting one-dollar bills or hundreds, so the grifter decided to make several small bets in the various books on the Egret horse; he could then lose himself in the crowd long enough to alter these tickets to cover the thousand he was supposed to bet.

The betting-ring was crowded with jostling, pushing men. About thirty feet away from the first book Francis stopped.

"Now, you just stay here and watch me get this good money down. It seems almost a shame; it's so easy," he added, look-

ing Mr. Barnes squarely in the eye and laughing a little at the double meaning of his words. Then he made his way to the first block man, and handing up a two-dollar bill, said, "Egret to win."

As he did so he noticed the price was 5—2. It was very short odds for such a horse as Egret, and he was a little mystified. But it simplified his tickets, for the proper ones read 5—2, and on tickets written in the rush and hurry of the betting-ring the figures were not close together. It was therefore a very simple matter to raise these numbers by making the 5—2 read 500—200. Quickly Denver made his way along the row of books that stretched in a huge semi-circle across the enclosure beneath the grandstand, and he worked away from the spot where he had left his victim standing. After buying the fifth, and last, ticket, Francis slipped for a minute behind one of the stands, and resting each card in turn against a pillar, he marked with a blunt-nosed bookmaker's pencil all five of the tickets, adding four noughts to each ticket, and thus making them read 500—200. In this way he covered the thousand he was supposed to have bet. Then he made his way back to Barnes and noted how the man's face lighted up as he caught sight of him.

"I kinda lost sight of you for a minute," the farmer remarked; "did you get all the money down?"

"You bet ya," the grifter replied, "and at a good price, too. Let's go up in the grandstand, for all we have to do now is to wait until the race is run, and then you'll be twenty-five hundred bucks to the good."

When they got seated, Francis showed the tickets, remarking, "I'll just keep these, as after the race is run I can cash them quicker than you."

Now that the moment was approaching when she would have to play her part, Lee was very nervous, but she fought it down bravely and smiled into the chump's eyes and laughed with forced gaiety.

Very carefully Francis had schooled her on how to act when the race was run and their victim became aware of the fact that his money was lost. The grifter knew it would take a cool head and clever acting to lessen the man's chagrin, for it was his experience that those from whom money was most easily taken were the loudest in their lamentations after the race was over and they had lost.

At last the bugle sounded, and one by one the horses filed out to the course. It was a seven-horse race, and Egret was easily singled out, being a long, rangy black—the only one in the race.

The distance was a mile, thus placing the finish in front of the stand. After a few moments of confusion and one false break the horses were off in a bunch, and Francis sat back with no worry or fear in his heart as to the outcome.

At the first quarter the horses were still in a bunch, then a long black body pulled out ahead and put half a length between itself and the rest of the field. Lee was holding the field glasses, but when the grifter saw the black horse forge to the front he snatched them from her and focused them on the field. The horses were at the half now. With growing horror Francis saw Egret still in the lead. Leaping to his feet, the grifter stood staring at the galloping animals, and Lee stared, too, though she was not quite sure, and was not fully aware of the impending danger. Mr. Barnes was clapping his hands excitedly and calling frantically to the oncoming horses. They were at the three-quarters now, and Francis saw with sinking heart that the big black was still in the lead, with the jockey sitting absolutely still.

"He can't last!" the grifter muttered audibly, but his victim was too excited and making too much noise to hear the muttered words. The grifter had forgotten Mr. Barnes. All his interests were centred on the oncoming horses. Hope had not yet died in his heart. They had rounded the turn now, and the big black came tearing down the stretch; his jockey, suddenly galvanized to life, was crouched low, riding like a demon, the switch in his hand rising and falling with steady beat.

With a groan Denver lowered his glasses and watched the finish with naked eyes. Egret was within a hundred yards of the finishing-wire, and the next horse was a good length behind. *It was too late now—the lob must win.*

Regaining his faculties, the grifter turned to his victim. It was necessary to make a get-away. Quickness meant safety.

Denver met his wife's mute questioning eyes, but there was neither time nor opportunity to tell her what to do, and he cursed his stupidity for not having prepared Lee for this unexpected happening.

"I'll have to hurry and get first in line," he exclaimed, and before the farmer could reply he was gone. Down the grandstand steps he went three at a time, and into the surge of the betting-ring. Hundreds of men were rushing to cash in. Mingling with these, Francis ran through the ring and out at the big entrance door that leads to the trolley platform a hundred yards away.

The race had started at three-twenty, he remembered, as he ran. There was a car passing the track every half-hour for the city. He had just time to make one.

Reaching the platform, he stood for several moments before the car pulled up. With a sigh of relief, he swung aboard, and the track dropped quickly from sight.

He had turned a big trick, but it had all gone wrong. True, he had the money, but he had to get out of town now and keep out, for with his knowledge of past affairs, the grifter knew that Mr. Barnes would make an awful "holler." What a rotten piece of luck, he reflected, as the car sped along. A "has-been," broken-down hack like Egret to win! He wondered what Lee would do. Probably the police would get her and lock her up. There was nothing to it. He must make Seattle. There he would be safe. From there, too, he would be able to get information quickly as to what happened here. He knew a train left for Seattle about five-thirty, and he decided to take it. As the car drew near town Francis wrote a little note to Nic, which he could leave with one of the bell hops at the hotel. He could then make the train from a little wayside station a few miles out of town, which he could reach by electric line:

"Blown to old James street joint. Come over as soon as possible, and bring Lee; or if bulls grab her and hold her, come and get some 'fall dough' for her."

The police uptown could hardly be telephoned from the track in time to grab him, the grifter reasoned, so he walked quite boldly into the hotel. The bellboy, he knew, was all right and a "wise kid," so he slipped him the note, with instructions: "Now, there'll be hell to pay around here tonight. The 'dicks' are liable to grab my wife, and maybe Nic. If they don't get him, first chance you get, slip him this note." The boy nodded, and Denver hurried out and caught the inter-urban car, which landed him twelve miles in the country near to the little railway depot.

. . . . . .

Back at the track things were happening. Hardly had Francis reached the bottom of the steps, when Mr. Barnes followed him. Reaching the betting-ring, the farmer scanned the men in the lines. From one book to another he went, but there was no sign of the man to whom he had entrusted his money. Suspicion was fast growing in the farmer's mind, but it did not seem possible to him that the tickets could have been cashed thus quickly, so he continued his walk about the betting-ring for nearly fifteen minutes, hoping against hope that he had made a mistake. At the far end of the enclosure under the stand was a little office marked "Police." To this, after a few moments, the farmer hurried, for doubt no longer assailed him; his friend was gone with the money.

There was bitter anguish in his voice as he poured out his tale of woe to the officer.

"I don't see how he could have cashed those tickets," he wailed, ending his story. "I was into the ring almost as soon as him."

The officer regarded the man with pitying contempt. "He didn't cash any tickets, my man. The money you gave him was never bet."

"But I saw him," expostulated Mr. Barnes.

For a minute the officer was in doubt. "Just come with me to the books," he said. "Do you remember which ones he placed the bets in?"

The man from the prairie followed the officer into the betting-ring and pointed out the clubs that Francis had gone to. The officer spoke to the men on the various blocks, who in turn spoke to the sheet-writers and cashiers. There was a little delay while the men looked up their sheets, and then the detective returned, shaking his head:

"There were no hundred-dollar bets made on that horse. It's just as I thought; you've been 'broaded' for your money."

The farmer did not understand this expression and looked puzzled. "But he must have bet the money. He knew the horse was going to win," he exclaimed in bewilderment.

The policeman grunted contemptuously. "For heaven's sake, don't you understand? The man that took your money did not think that horse had a chance in the world to win. He made out some tickets, or raised them from dollar bets, and figured on the horse losing. Then he would have had all the money, while you would have thought that it was lost to the books. Do you see now?"

The farmer grasped the idea, and thought of Lee.

"His wife was up in the grandstand. Maybe she's gone now; but anyhow, let's hurry, we may be able to catch her."

Lee in the meantime, after a moment's indecision, had left her seat and walked down the platform that ran along the edge of the grandstand. From here were two rows of steps leading to the ground floor on which, under the stand, was situated the betting-ring. The girl knew things had gone wrong, and knew, too, that her husband was gone, but she was in doubt what course to take herself. The grandstand was well filled. Lee mingled with the crowd that was walking down the platform, till she came opposite the second row of steps. She halted here and stood watching the people below, and wondered fearfully what to do next.

At this minute Barnes, red-faced and excited, emerged from underneath the stand, and, followed by the officer, started up the opposite flight of steps in the direction of where Lee had been seated. Lee waited until they had passed on, and then ran down the steps into the betting-ring. The only way out led through to the outer big door, so circling the crowd of men, Lee made her way to the spot at which the car stopped.

After minutes of waiting that seemed hours to her, Lee caught the car following the one on which her husband had made his way back to the city. Back at the track the farmer and the officer went all over the grandstand. Then suddenly the officer thought of the car, and with an angry expression, hurried out. He had hardly reached the gate when the sharp toot, toot of the car starting told him he was too late.

Meanwhile Lee, white-faced and shaken, sat in the whizzing car and wondered what to do next. She knew the police were on her trail, but where to go to evade them was the question that puzzled her. Reaching town she went to the hotel, hoping Francis would be there.

The elevator boy saw her come in. His orders had been to give the note to Nic, but Francis, from his talk, had evidently not expected his wife to come home so soon, so the boy determined to take a chance. As he took Lee up in the elevator he slipped her the note: "Your husband told me to give this note to Nic, but he evidently didn't expect youse back so soon."

Lee read it quickly. The elevator stopped at her floor, and instantly the buzzer rang sharply.

"Maybe that's the bulls now," the quick-witted boy exclaimed. "Don't youse go to your room. Slip into that little parlor at the head of the hall and wait there till I come back."

Giving the boy a grateful smile, Lee ran down the hall to the parlor. The boy had guessed well, for the officer at the track, concluding that both the grifter and his wife had escaped to town, had obtained their names and description from the now somewhat calmed Mr. Barnes. Then he telephoned up to town. Lee had hardly entered the hotel when two plain-clothes men were on their way from the station. And it was these two that were waiting at the ground floor when the elevator shot to a stop.

"Has the lady in three-sixty-eight come in yet?" one of them queried.

The elevator boy scratched his head. "I don't know for sure," he replied, "but I don't think so. You see," he added innocently, "there's a lot of women stops here, and I can't remember them all."

"We'll go up, anyway, and have a look around," the officer snapped. The boy led them to the room, the door of which was locked. One of the men produced a key and opened it, and they entered and rummaged around. There was little in the room, save a few clothes and two suitcases. But a picture of Francis on the table caught the officers' eyes, and one of

them put it in his pocket, with a grunt of satisfaction.

"We had better wait downstairs and catch her when she comes in," one remarked; and locking the door, they rode down to the rotunda.

The minute the two detectives stepped from the car the boy shot it once more up to the third floor and hurried to the parlor, where Lee was waiting.

"They're waiting in the rotunda till you come in," the boy gasped as he entered. "They been all through your room, and one of them clouted your old man's picture. But you can get away. Climb down the back stairs and go out through the kitchen. I'll go and square it with the cook. Then youse can beat it down the alley out across to the next street, and then grab a car for the Great Northern depot and make that five-thirty rattler for Seattle. I think maybe your old man'll be on that train. But youse gotta hurry!"

Full of gratitude for his help, Lee gave him all the money she had, except train fare. "Thank you, boy; I sure owe you a lot."

"Never mind, only hurry," and the boy turned and ran for the elevator, the bell of which was ringing furiously. At the bottom an impatient man was waiting to go to his room, but the boy stepped past him: "Just a minute, mister; I gotta get something," he said, and ran through the dining-room into the kitchen.

Lee had just reached the bottom of the back stairs, which led into the kitchen, when the boy rushed in. Paying no heed to the astonished cook and helpers, the bell hop pulled open the door leading to the alley, and pushing Lee through, closed and locked the door behind her.

"Not a word, boys," he said, with an airy wave of his hand to the astonished kitchen crew; "just a friend of mine making a get-away."

With barely a minute to spare, Lee made the Seattle train and walked through it with a sinking heart, for Francis was not in any of the coaches. The train had rumbled on for nearly half an hour before it stopped. But Lee did not look out. A kind of numb despair had gripped her, for she was broke now, and alone, and for all her newly-learned wisdom she felt suddenly very helpless.

With a couple of jerks the train had once more started. It was the little depot that Francis had come out to at which the train had just stopped, and he was the only passenger to come aboard.

By chance he swung on the front platform of the car that Lee was seated in, and as he walked down the aisle he caught sight of his wife, sitting with her chin in cupped hands, staring unseeingly out of the window. The seat beside her was vacant, so Francis sat down.

The girl turned with a little nervous start of fear and met her husband's eyes. With a little gasp she leaned over and caught his hands. A great gladness suddenly surged to her heart, but she was so overcome that the train had rattled on for several minutes before she spoke. Regaining her composure, she related in low tones her escape, and the grifter mentally blessed the bellboy and thought disgustedly of his own slowness in not figuring things out better.

"We've got a fighting chance to get away," he said, when Lee had finished. "I don't think they'll get us at the border now. The thickheads may stick around the hotel for three or four hours thinking that we will come back there, and before they think of wiring we will be safe in Seattle."

The train pulled into Seattle a few minutes after nine, and Francis and Lee, after eating, caught a cable car and were soon climbing up James street to a little joint where he knew they would be safe.

British Columbia and Her Imperial Outlook

A paper read before the Royal Colonial Institute, London, by Frank Buffington Vrooman, B.Sc. (Oxon.), Ph.D., Editor of the "British Columbia Magazine." Admiral Lord Charles Beresford intended to occupy the chair on this occasion, but owing to the fact that the Minimum Wage Bill, dealing with the coal strike, and the Navy Bill, both involving national crises, came up at the very hour of Dr. Vrooman's lecture, Lord Beresford was prevented from attending. He, however, sent a long telegram approving strongly of every word. After the banquet which preceded the lecture the audience was the greatest that has ever attended such a function in the history of the Institute. Arrangements are now being made for Dr. Vrooman to give a lecture on the general subject of "Investments in British Columbia" before the London Chamber of Commerce.

SIR GODFREY LAGDEN, K.C.M.G., introduced Dr. Vrooman to the distinguished audience, which included many of the famous men and women of the Empire. Dr. Vrooman said: A fortnight before I left Vancouver, at the beginning of the Christmas holidays, a tree was discovered in Stanley Park larger than the famous cedar on the Pacific side where it is the fashion to back your motor-car into the hollow of it and get your picture taken. This park is already fifteen years old, but quite rudely shaken up is that belief we entertained that we had found the largest tree in this most wonderful park in the world. I am quite sure there are some of the *gentlemen* present who will be able to remember as far back as thirty years, at which time the site now occupied by the city of Vancouver was itself forest primeval. I have not mentioned this incident because it makes so much difference as to whether we have a still bigger tree in Stanley Park, but that it shows, not only how very new we are, and how little we know of that vaster Park of the Empire we call British Columbia, with its area of 395,000 square miles, with ten times the arable land of the Japanese empire. Surely, as the ages of nations may be reckoned, we are very young and very new, and perhaps, in some respects, somewhat raw. But I am not afraid but that in some ways we can give an account of ourselves. We have not done much as yet in science or literature, or art, and perhaps what little some have done in the way of humanities is not too deeply appreciated by the rest of us, in the big first-hand struggle with elemental things. But we may content ourselves to say, with Themistocles, "I never learned how to tune a harp or play a lute, but I know how to raise a small and considerable city to glory and greatness."

To paraphrase a well-known, and perhaps well-worn, aphorism: The Twentieth Century is the Pacific Ocean's Century.

Meagre still is the comparative record of great achievement connected with that weary waste of 70,000,000 square miles of water, larger than all the land surface of the globe, with a volume of water six times as large as the cubical contents of all the land of the earth above sea level, and known as the Pacific Ocean.

What part is British civilization to play in the world revolution in process around its shores?

It is a question of race message, race mission, and race destiny—nothing less.

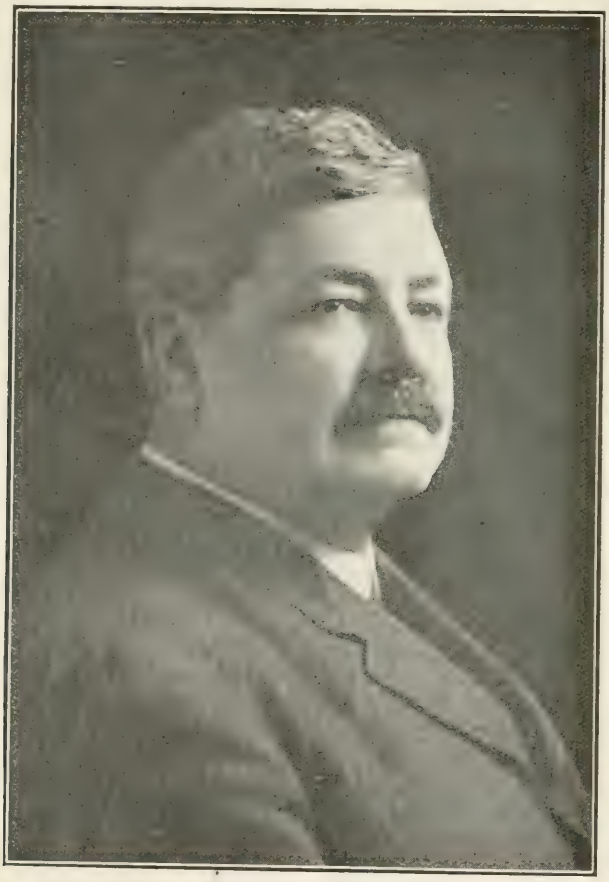
The problem of the New Pacific outlook is race conflict. Disguise it how we may, conceal the fateful issues if we will, juggle with ugly facts and stifle friendly warnings, and cover our cowardice under a sentimental *cosmopolitanismus,* as the Germans might call it, or under a cosmopolitan *sentimentalismus,* as they call it: this misshapen and persistent fact protrudes through all our shams—the problem of the new era is the problem of the New Pacific and New Asia, which is that of the struggle of the white and yellow peoples for world supremacy.

Fortunately there is still a goodly sprinkling of old-fashioned folk clinging to the belief that by far the greatest achievement of mind and will in the history of the world has been the pre-emption and development of so many of the continental areas of the temperate zone by the Anglo-Saxon race, and the establishment there of its racial root ideas and ideals. But today, not only is our supremacy challenged, not only is our advance disputed, but our very race fibre is flouted when even the question is raised as to whether we are equal to the expectations of our forbears—whether we have the sense to keep what they had the nerve to get.

No headway can be made toward the continuance of the white man's supremacy upon the earth until the entire Anglo-Saxon race is not only considered as a unit, but in some substantial way will act as a unit in the championship of the ideals which have made it what it is. And with this race must be affiliated the other races which are of vital kin, whether of bone and blood or of political institutions and religious principles.

There are several great factors in our Imperial outlook:

1. One is the Panama Canal and the economic revolution it promises.



DR. F. B. VROOMAN

2. Another is awakening Asia, with the threat of Oriental inundations.

3. Another, and more immediate, is filling up the empty Empire according to some rational and constructive statesmanlike plan.

We cannot go far in the undertaking of our subject without considering the most important influences which are to determine our future on the Anglo-Saxon fron-

tier where I belong. Plainly the two most important are the two geographical events now in process of changing the face of the world, and the maps of the world, and all the relations of the inhabitants thereof. I speak of the awakening of Asia and the cutting of the Panama Canal.

I heard Professor Herbertson say at the School of Geography at Oxford two years ago, that the awakening of Asia would exercise a profounder influence upon the destinies of the race than the discovery of America. The cutting of the Panama Canal, in comparison with the awakening of half the human race and its adoption of western civilization, is a matter of only secondary importance. But it is one which is bound to hasten the other, and greater, movement, probably to a speedy world-catastrophe. But the artificial bi-section of a hemisphere is by itself no second-rate performance. Indeed, it is a geographical event of the first magnitude. When I speak of geography in this sense I speak, of course, of a change in the surface of the earth with reference to its human interest. We are about to see the projection of the Pacific coastline clean through the hemisphere into the Atlantic Ocean, a project fraught with untold interest, because it will revolutionize some aspect of the world's commerce, and that will change fundamentally those elemental economic conditions upon which rest the great movements of world politics, now, henceforth and for evermore.

There is no part of the world which will be influenced more profoundly by the new movements on the Pacific Ocean than British Columbia, and Canada and the Empire through British Columbia.

Look for a moment at the outlines of all this change and what it is destined to mean. Take your map of the Western hemisphere. Draw your lines from New York to Valparaiso; from Victoria to New York; from Liverpool to Yokohama. Make Panama the hub of your commercial wheel. Number the trade routes which centre there, to diverge again. You will see at a glance that, not only is a new day dawning for Central America and for the north of South America, and for the west coast of North America, but for some far-away lands as well. You will see new trade routes which the logic of events will lay out where never before they have been possible. Here is a brand-new ocean waterway to be. It will bring the Hudson and the Mississippi, the Orinoco and the Amazon, but little more than a possible week's sail from the Pacific Ocean; and it will bring the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, with their many seaports and with their vast resources, within a few days of it. The mouth of the Mississippi—and that means an increasing share of the trade from the largest and economically most important single area in the world, the great interior plain of North America in both the United States and Canada—will, for purposes of commerce, be brought 581 miles nearer Valparaiso, Shanghai and Vancouver, Sydney and Wellington, Melbourne and Honolulu. Jamaica and the British possessions of the West Indies will be thrown across the very highways of world commerce and world progress. The whole shipping from Boston and New York to British Columbian ports will be shortened by 8,415 miles; from Victoria to Liverpool by 6,046 miles. At the present time British Columbia vessels sail but little farther going to Liverpool than to New York, because they must sail round the most easternmost point of Brazil (Pernambuco), which is almost equi-distant from these two ports on either side of the Atlantic. But Colon, on the Canal, is 4,720 miles from Liverpool and but 1,961 miles from New York, a commercial advantage of 2,759 miles in favor of the United States—if she only had ships. This canal is making it more than ever evident that the future belongs to those nations with adequate navies and mercantile marines; and this means that the "big ditch" is being built in some spasm of blind optimism out of the subconscious altruism of the people of the United States for the benefit of Europe and Japan—and British Columbia. Against this fact it may be urged that the benefit will accrue to the Philippines, whose capital is now, by way of Suez, 11,601 miles, and by way of Panama will be 11,585 miles from New York. The Panama Canal will shorten the distance between the American metropolis and the capital of the Philippines by *just sixteen miles.*

The Isthmian Canal is but a part of the Greater American Waterways Project. As soon as this is finished, it is possible

that the United States will start in a large way with the project of the artificial canalization of the Mississippi and its 16,000 miles of already navigable waters, and a drainage basin of 1,280,000 square miles. The cutting-through of an ocean ship canal to the Great Lakes will make seaport towns of the Canadian cities on Lakes Ontario, Erie and Superior. The Saskatchewan and the Red River can be canalized for a thousand miles; and a short haul from Winnipeg will open the whole Saskatchewan valley from near the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, downstream, but for this short portage, all the way to the Gulf of Mexico and thence to Panama and the Pacific ports. Every transcontinental freight rate in Canada and the United States will be reduced, and perhaps some in the middle interior. As this great southern movement starts up, the industries of the southern states will receive a new impetus. The Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea will spring into a new life, together with the West Indies and Central America, and the vast and fertile interior drained by the Orinoco and the Amazon.

It is an extraordinary fact that, economically, the two most important river basins in the world lie in the smaller, or western, hemisphere: the Mississippi, which discharges more water than all the rivers which drain Europe; the Amazon, discharging more water than the eight great rivers which drain Asia, the Yenisei, Indus, Ganges, Ob, Lena, Amur, Kwang-ho, and the Yangtse-kiang. The navigable waters of the Amazon are forty-five thousand miles, with a depth of from forty to one hundred and fifty feet, a width of six to forty miles—four hundred at its mouth; while ocean-going steamships sailing three thousand miles from European ports to the mouth of the Amazon can sail twenty-three hundred miles more up that river to Peru.

Nevertheless it will be seen that beyond peradventure a goodly part of the future history of the world is to be written of those countries around and within the Pacific Ocean, and that the sum total of economic value to the world's shipping which will be created by the Panama Canal will be something quite beyond any human foresight or computation. All of this means that incredible riches are destined to flow into, and be developed in, those countries occupying the western coast of North America which have good harbors, good docking facilities, good defences, a good mercantile marine, and an adequate navy. But most of the good harbors on the North American coast are in British Columbia. Harbors there seem to have been Nature's first intent. They are innumerable and unsurpassed.

Long, deep fiords cleave the continent, often for nearly a hundred miles, in the partially submerged transverse valleys which cut the coast range. These likewise have their arms reaching among the hills, and indeed, if the fancy be permitted, all the members of a centipede. Lying along that marvellous coast are landlocked harbors, and nooks and corners, and cubby-holes and culs-de-sac, afloat where all the navies of the world might be hidden away from everything but an All-seeing Scrutiny. To all intents and purposes these inlets and inland channels and waterways are as navigable rivers. Back of them, the stream and waterfall and glacier; behind these, inexhaustible resources of Nature awaiting the call of industry.

Indeed, practically the whole 7,000-mile coast of the mainland, excepting possibly 100 miles, is one vast land-locked harbor, and the islands will furnish more when wanted. And every mile of this coastline is related to the Panama Canal, New Asia and the New Pacific.

The canal is turning attention to our harbors as outlets for the increasing output of grain from the western half of the Canadian prairies. It is said that freight rates between Liverpool and Vancouver across continent will be materially diminished; also by way of Panama, which will halve the distance by way of Suez, and also by reason of the larger competition to be developed. It will practically halve the present freight rate between Vancouver and the ports of the British Isles. We can now consider Vancouver as an outlook toward Europe and the Atlantic coast for Alberta wheat. Even now, with the present excessive rates over the Rockies, wheat may be shipped in winter from Calgary to Liverpool more cheaply than by the all-rail route to St. John, New Brunswick. The winter rates to Liverpool are four-tenths of a cent per bushel in favor of Vancouver from Calgary. The

eastern route is blocked by ice five months in the year. The British Columbia route is open twelve months in the year. The Panama Canal will give the decided advantage to Vancouver all the year round. From Calgary to the head of navigation on Lake Superior (Fort William) is 1,260 miles. From Calgary to the port of Vancouver is 644 miles. It is now generally believed in the West by the shipping people that Vancouver will be the shipping port for the wheat of Alberta and western Saskatchewan destined for Europe and the Southern States.

New markets will be found on the Atlantic for British Columbia lumber and paper. This new large demand will increase the price; but the saving of freight is an enormous item. The present freight rates from Vancouver to Liverpool are sixteen dollars per thousand feet. The canal will give British Columbia a rate of about eight dollars per thousand feet. This difference per thousand will add to the value of British Columbia timber destined for Europe.

With the new markets which it will open, and the lower rates, it will afford a lump increase in value to the 182,000,000 acres of merchantable timber of British Columbia of millions of dollars.

But it is for more reasons than this that British Columbia is destined to be a vast Imperial industrial workshop. While her agricultural and horticultural possibilities are far beyond what is generally supposed, British Columbia is, in natural resources and raw materials of industry, one of the richest areas on the globe. But above all is she rich in mechanical power —waterpower and coal. These are about to be opened up and developed. Their development soon will be beyond computation, for, roughly speaking, there is not an investment in British Columbia today which will not be directly increased in value by the new canal, but also much indirectly in the impetus given to development. This one thing—this canal—costing us nothing, will double, quadruple and quintuple values out there in a few brief years. With easier access will come new trade, and new demands will create new products, and soon the innumerable waterpowers of British Columbia will start the wheels of a thousand new industries. The illimitable resources of the province will be opened up, developed, and utilized at home or shipped abroad. The value of every town lot and of every acre of land of the 395,000 sq. miles of the province will be greatly enhanced; town sites will be hewed out of the forests, and the forests themselves, every stick of wood of their 182,000,000 acres of forest and woodland, will be increased in value directly, by reason of cheaper shipping alone to the extent of several dollars per thousand feet, and in the items of lumber and wood pulp alone the Panama Canal will make as a free gift to British Columbia considerably more than the United States is spending on the whole canal.

The mines of British Columbia, which have already produced over £70,000,000, will leap forward with renewed prosperity. Her fisheries, which have produced £21,000,000, will be more extensively developed and, let us hope, be made again a British asset, since they are wholly in the hands of the Japanese, who not only send their earnings home to Japan, but are criminally wasteful in their methods. The coal deposits of the province, which are the most extensive in the world, will, with immense deposits of iron, be opened to the world's markets. It is said that the coal fields of one small district in the Kootenay are capable of yielding 10,000,000 tons a year for over 7,000 years, and a new district has been discovered within the twelvemonth which the Provincial Mineralogist told me on Christmas Eve was the most important economic discovery ever made in British Columbia, where there are known to be 1,000 square miles of the best of anthracite, and which is probably the richest known anthracite district in the new world west of Pennsylvania.

I have mentioned these few brief illustrations, but by them I cannot give you any adequate idea of what, economically alone, the opening-up of British Columbia will mean to the British Empire—that is, provided it remains in the British Empire. Is it not your task and mine to see that it remains a part of the British Empire? This is a part of the great Pacific question. The country is menaced in two directions. We Anglo-Saxons have been too comfortably ensconced in the luxuries of the *status quo*. British Columbia is threatened by American ownership and

Asiatic overflow. Just here it is not amiss for me to say a word about the Imperial aspect of British investments.

Much the greater part of the wealth of the Canadian Cordilleran region belongs to British Columbia, and it is a part of my duty to say to a British audience that the economic possibilities and opportunities for investment and development in British Columbia are simply incredible. We must remember that this wonderful province is in its infancy, and that its entire population is but a trifle larger than that of Birmingham. I have travelled as far as five hundred miles through the northern interior between one white man and the next one. Is it to be supposed that a fraction of one per cent. of its unimagined wealth has been discovered?

British Columbia is a vast neglected opportunity. You have no idea of the wealth which is being alienated to the more alert and appreciative Yankee. He at least is alive to the opportunities of the New World. It does not matter so much that you are willing to sit here waiting for four per cent.—if you like that sort of thing—and where your money is doing nothing particularly toward the building of Empire. If it does not interest you that so many Americans are doubling their money in a year—two years—in British Columbia, there is a political aspect of this matter which, some day, *will* interest you.

You no doubt have been congratulating yourselves upon a narrow escape from Americanization in the recent vote on reciprocity. The dangers of the Americanization of Canada do not lie so much in a freer trade between north and south of the American continent as in the matter of *who owns Canada.* The peril does not lie in trade, but in ownership, for you may rest assured that the people who own a country will rule it.

The Yankee is not the only one who has discovered British Columbia, for Great Britain is about the only country which has not. Alas! even the Asiatic has found us out. And this means that we are face to face with a new peril of no uncertain magnitude.

The one all-absorbing movement of the world today is Asia *redivivus,* the immediate issues of which are involved in the Japanese programme. Let no one think that it will be less alarming when China has found her programme. But that is another question for another day.

The vital world issue of today—now, especially on the Pacific, is the Japanese programme of Asiatic imperialism.

Asia and the American hemisphere and the Pacific Ocean for the Japanese.

This is no less than the anaconda ambition which is being crystallized in the Orient with unprecedented and sinister despatch, and is being carried forward with a celerity of insolence unknown in modern times. It is not necessary, but it is not amiss, to say here that all of us sympathise heartily with the race ambitions of any great people—and the Chinese and Japanese are great peoples. It is because they are so great that we no longer dare consider them as negligible. Their splendid qualities make them formidable opponents in peace or war. Their very efficiency is the menace we face. Who has not been moved to something more than admiration by the lofty patriotism of the Japanese? And who has not felt the ache of sorrow that we Anglo-Saxons do not seem to be able to emulate them? Let me say at once that if I entertain anything like blame, it is not that the Japanese want all they can get in that New World into which nationality has awakened so late. We have wanted much in our time. And we got it, too. But that does not mean that we must approve of either their method or their spirit; nor does it mean that we have no more ambitions, no rights of our own, in the new era of the New World.

At this point I must bid adieu to all cosmopolitan sentiment, and fall back on the more selfish and neglected virtues of patriotism. Frankly I am for my own race and kin, and the ideals and institutions of my own race and kin, and I am against the man who is not. I am not inclined to apologize for it—but for those who are. These considerations lead me to recognize the indubitable fact that in all the great world issues of the twentieth century the fundamental and unchanging dividing-line lies between the peoples of the East and the peoples of the West. For "East is East and West is West." Do not deceive yourselves, for the most critical imagination can conjure no permanent situation in which British and Japanese interests can be identical in the Pacific Ocean, or in any Pacific littoral, where the

question of future world supremacy will be fought and settled, and that largely through Australasia and Canada—*i.e.*, British Columbia.

It is plain, too, that one of the numbers in the new Japanese world programme is the occupation of British Columbia. Our province is becoming Orientalized, and one of our important questions is whether it is to remain a British province or become an Oriental colony—for we have three races demanding seats in our drawing-room, as well as plates at our board—the Japanese, Chinese and East Indian.

According to a report of the Assessment Commissioner several years ago (I have no later figures) nearly an eighth of the population of Vancouver was Oriental, with that of the New Westminster district larger. But the Orientals are practically all male adults. If they had their families with them their numbers would have been about five times as great, and this would represent permanent population; and this would have given over half the population of Vancouver as Oriental, while giving one Oriental male adult to every three-and-a-half whites of the male adult population of the province. Ten years ago the fisheries of British Columbia were in the hands of about 10,000 native Canadians of British Columbia. Now there are thousands of Japanese, but hardly a white man in the trade.

It is hardly more than a significant coincidence, or perhaps an accident, that the fifty-dollar prize offered by the Grand Trunk Pacific for the first child born in Prince Rupert has been given to a Japanese.

The first principle of sound Imperial politics and sound Canadian patriotism, is that our fertile areas of incomparable promise be never surrendered as a dump-heap for the overflowing population of a hundred millions over half the human race. To open once the gates of these nameless hordes is to be lost—these ominous hundreds of yellow millions, these countless alien numbers to whom there is no end!

But if Canada surrenders her choicest possessions to a race which in coming will bring nothing to her, but take everything away—bring nothing but an element of ineradicable and eternal discord, leave nothing but the impossibility of a homogeneous people—that will be Canada's fault as well as yours, and all the æons of future ages can never rectify it, nor will they ever forgive it.

It is impossible to over-estimate the momentous nature of this issue—first, to British Columbia, to whom it is so immediately a vital issue; second, to Canada—which Japan is coolly occupying, unbidden and unwelcome—Canada, a prey to the disloyalty of a few unpatriotic manufacturers and corporations, which will have cheap labor at the price of Canadian homogeneity; third, to Great Britain, which has given away without recompense her position and prestige in the Pacific and the twentieth century—is giving away her commerce and shipping in China, and allowing the loyalty of India to be undermined—giving away the Pacific gateways of Canada of which she and Canada will some day have need, whose key she is just now handing over to Japan.

(To be Continued)

We have slightly altered the following lines by A. D. Watson, M.D.:

"O! wide Dominion, $et in $apphire $etting
Of hill and $ky and $ea,
Ari$e and $corn the lu$t of money-getting;
The future plead$ with thee."

Verbum sap.

"Liberty should keep up with the times."
—New York *Life*

"Paralyzed"
—*Tacoma Daily Ledger.*

THE NAVY QUESTION

Borden: "Oh! if I could only get credit for helping the Motherland without having to give the help."—Toronto *Globe.*

Uncle Sam has his own troubles.—*New York Herald.*

A policeman has discovered an illicit still through the sense of smell. It is understood that a nose squad will be formed immediately.—*Montreal Star.*

AND TO THINK WE'VE ALWAYS CALLED THE CHINESE HEATHEN !
EQUAL SUFFRAGE GRANTED TO WOMEN OF CHINA
PER ORDER THE NEW REPUBLIC
THE FRANCHISE
SUFFRAGETTE

The Oriental Way.
—Vancouver *Daily Province*

Report on the Nation River District: Northeastern British Columbia

By Fred W. Valleau

Late Government Agent, Land Commissioner, Etc., Omineca District

THE Nation River district lies just to the east of Tacla Lake, about midway between its northern and southern boundaries, and is drained by a series of four lakes, which are connected by short stretches of river, the waters of which eventually empty into the Parsnip and then into the Peace. The elevation is slightly lower than that of Tacla Lake, which is given by the late Dr. Dawson, of the geological survey, as 2,000 ft. The district is bounded on the north by the Tom Creek Mountains, which rise to the height of between 2,000 and 3,000 ft., and to the south there are a number of rather high hills, mostly denuded of their timber by fires. The country lying between these two ranges is in the form of a broad valley with some spurs of hills coming down to the shores of the lakes. The land to the north of the uppermost of the most westerly lake is on a gentle slope, slightly terraced back to the base of Tom Creek Mountain. This portion of the country has been fire swept, and when I saw it in 1896 it was practically cleared. The soil was a light brown sandy loam. Red top, wild vetch and peavine grew very luxuriantly. The growth of trees was young poplar, willow and spruce, with jackpine on the ridges. The Quancia Creek flows into the second or third lake from the north and drains a very large extent of low country. This is one of the largest creeks in the Omineca country. One of its branches is crossed by the trail leading into Manson mining district from Hazelton. The valley of the Quancia is broad and flat, with large stretches of open land which will make very good agricultural land when worked. Taking the land on both sides of the Nation Lakes I should say that there must be somewhere in the vicinity of 180,000 to 200,000 acres which could be used for settlement. To the north of this portion of the country and at a much higher altitude lies the mining district of the Omineca, comprising at the present time the following hydraulic camps, viz.: Tom Creek Vital, Silver, Germanson, Slate, Manson and Lost Creeks. Much capital has been expended in these camps in the past ten years, and large sums of money are being spent at the present time in putting in dredging and hydraulic machinery. Being at such a high elevation, nothing in the way of supplies can be grown, and as the Nation Lake country is the nearest agricultural land to these growing and promising mining camps there is a ready and growing market for all sorts of produce raised, at prices which will give the grower very large returns for his labor. As to the best means of reaching the Nation Lakes from the Coast I shall first give a short description of the existing trails, and later show what the possibilities will be for cutting down the distance, lowering freight rates and shortening the time. The first time I went into the district I went by way of Ashcroft up the Cariboo wagon-road to Quesnel mouth, crossed the Fraser River at that point, then followed the old telegraph trail to Stony Creek, where we branched off to the north for Stuart Lake, and from there to the eastern end of the fourth Nation Lake. This would be now considered impracticable as a route for settlers, as the distance is considerably over 500 miles. The other route is by steamer from Vancouver to Prince Rupert, thence by the Grand Trunk Pacific to Hazelton, east from Hazelton by the Omineca trail to Tacla Lake, over the lake to the east side, then over the divide (which is a low one and not over six miles) to the Head Nation Lake. Now that the Grand Trunk Pacific is nearing completion it will be possible for the prospective settler to go by train to Fort George, embark on a comfortable steamer at that point, go up the Stuart River to Stuart Lake, and from there to Tacla Landing with his supplies,

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machinery, cattle and household goods, within six miles of the lakes, and have water transportation from there to his home. This may be possible by the time the land is located, surveyed, secured from the Government and placed upon the market. The climate of this portion of British Columbia is healthy, the summer bright and warm with just enough rainfall to make irrigation not necessary. The winters, while cold, are pleasant, there being an almost complete absence of winds; the snowfall is not excessive; in fact, the climate is far better than Quebec or the northern portion of Ontario. Wild fruits, such as raspberries, blueberries and huckleberries, grow to perfection and in vast quantities. The Nation Lakes are famous all through the northern country for the trout and whitefish, which are to be caught in any quantity. This portion of the province, now that transportation is being so much improved, is bound to come to the front, and will in a few years support a large population, being in such close proximity to one of the greatest waterways there are in the whole province of British Columbia.

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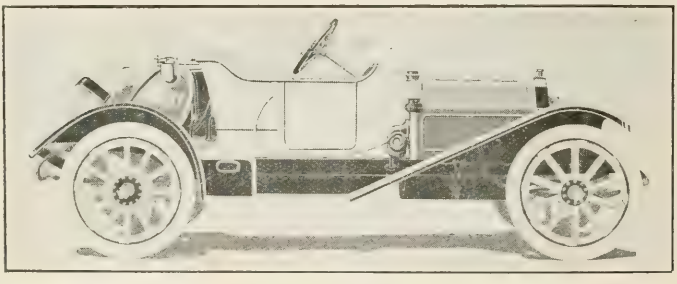
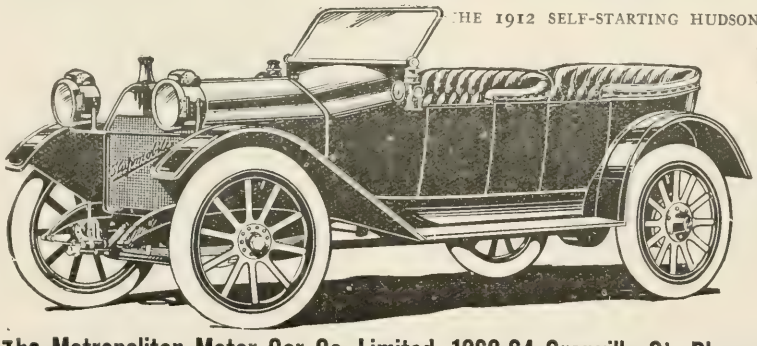


THE 1912 SELF-STARTING HUDSON



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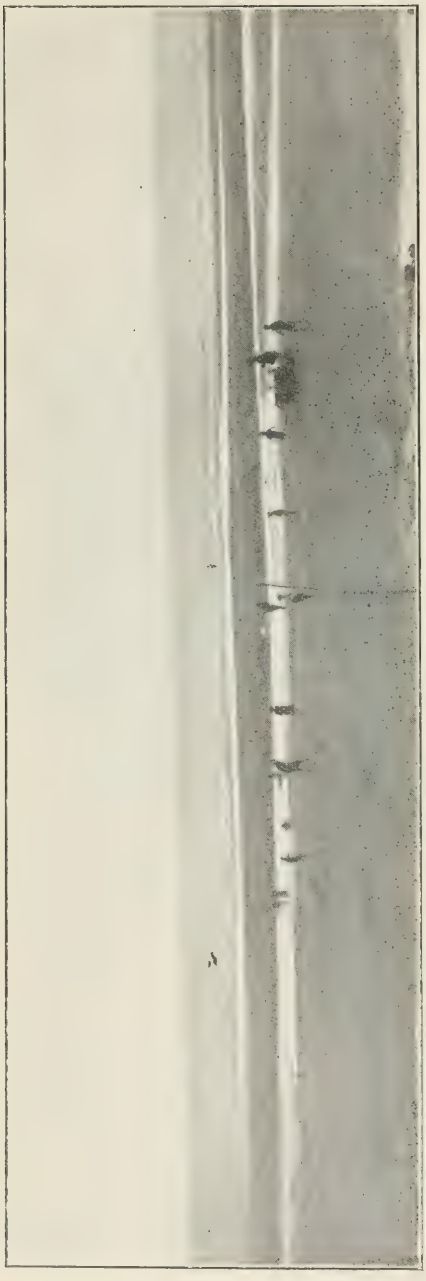
White Rock

(*Continued from Page 278*)



SCENE AT WHITE ROCK

tall fir trees. We inspected some of the bungalows, every one of which has a superb view. Then we caught a train to Blaine, which is only three miles off."

The railway trip from Vancouver to White Rock, while occupying but sixty minutes, is one of varying interest. First of all, Burnaby Lake invites the attention; then the Fraser River comes into view and is crossed by the New Westminster bridge. The south bank of the river is traversed for several miles, affording a splendid view of the Royal City. Leaving the river, the train runs through beautifully-wooded country till Boundary Bay is sighted. Its wide sweep of water, bordered by broad acres of rich farms and hayfields, appears to be encircled by the wooded slopes of mountain ranges, so clearly do the Golden Ears, Pitt and Howe Sound mountains loom up over the Delta lands.

Sweeping through Blackie Spit, or Crescent, as the railway station is called, the train next emerges on the seafront under the protecting cliffs of Ocean Park, and the grand vista of the island-dotted Gulf of Georgia and broad waters of Semiahmoo Bay opens up before the eye. As the train speeds southward the White Rock is seen in the sweep of the bay, with the Canadian ensign flying over its customs house; beyond is the picturesque town of Blaine, Wash., nestling at the foot of a wooded slope, its harbor protected by Birtch Point, while in the background rise the snow-clad crowns and peaks of the Three Sisters, Mount Baker and the Olympics. White Rock is in the centre of the bay, with Point Roberts on the west and Birtch Point on the south, throwing out their encircling arms to protect it from the stormy winds that sweep up the Straits of Juan de Fuca. Between these two protecting headlands are seen the Saturna Island and its lighthouse, denoting the western boundary of the navigation channel for the Empresses and other ocean liners *en route* to and from Vancouver and the Pacific. Opposite Saturna, with its Canadian light, is Patos Island, with its five flash lanterns demarking the United States side of the straits and navigation

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SCENE AT WHITE ROCK

channel; then come Lucia, Matai and Clark, with the larger islands, Orcas, Lopez and San Juan, looming up behind. On a moonlight night this circlet of islands and headlands, with their several lighthouses, camp fires and the nearer glistening lights of Blaine and Drayton Harbor, makes a wonderfully picturesque scene from White Rock. Along the shores of White Rock itself the scene is an attractive one night and day in the summer months; in the evening numerous camp fires illuminate beach and bluff, while the sweet melody of song, with various accompaniment, fills the air. In the daytime sun-browned, barefooted children race along the sands and splash in its lapping waters; sail boats and launches dot the bay, while on verandahs of summer cottages, under tent awnings and in shadily-suspended hammocks among the tree-clad slopes, the elder folk are seen enjoying the cool, health-giving breezes that blow in from the sea. That White Rock's beauties and advantages are being realized and appreciated is very evident from the activity of the carpenters, who are everywhere heard or seen at their work of building summer homes and erecting frames for canvas houses ready for the holiday-makers who are arranging to spend their vacation there this summer.

Spend Your Vacation at

White Rock

IT is the ideal camping and summer resort. Only 40 minutes' run by the G. N. R. from New Westminster and one hour from Vancouver, it possesses advantages not to be found at any other resort on the Pacific Coast, i.e., a splendid, clean, firm, sandy beach, rendering bathing safe and ideal; first-class train service (both local and express trains stop at White Rock); good and abundant drinking water (spring water piped right to your door or camp site); delightful scenery, embracing the Gulf Islands, Mt. Baker, the Olympians, etc.; four stores, daily mail service, etc.

Choice lots, for summer cottages, facing the sea can be secured now. Go down and select your camp site for this summer's use; there are four trains each way daily. Buy while the price is low; our Mr. Sands is on the spot and will show you the property.

$350 TO $500 PER LOT

One-quarter cash, balance half-yearly

White, Shiles & Co.

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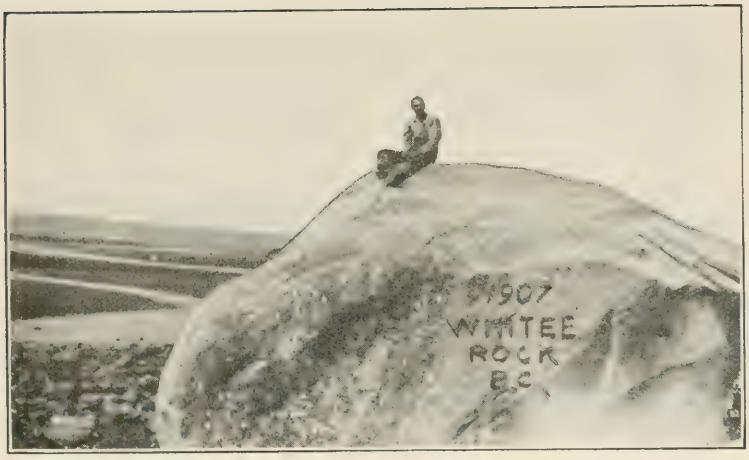
AND WHITE ROCK, B. C.



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ROCK

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AT
WHITE ROCK

SUMMER HOME
AT
WHITE ROCK

Best
Acreage
at
White Rock

See Us First

Mather & Noble
602 Hastings Street West
Vancouver, B. C.

Vidal's Addition to
White Rock

Across road from new station. All lots one-fifth acre.

Streets open, but not graded.
Choice of level or bench lots.
Front lots will be used for business purposes.

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NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

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All lumber delivered on the ground.

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Campbell River Lumber Company

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"Bella Vista" Subdivision

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ONE HOUR FROM VANCOUVER

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By courtesy of Thacker & Thornton.

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We have the following special blocks for sale:

D. L. 1082, N.W. ¼, 4¾ acres, $1,350 per acre; one-third cash.
D. L. 1089, N.E. ¼, 4¾ acres, $1,400 per acre; one-quarter cash.
D. L. 1100, S.W. ¼, 18½ acres, $800 per acre; one-quarter cash.
D. L. 1040, W. ½, S. 40 acres, $2,000 per acre; one-quarter cash.

The Marine Drive will pass through this property.

John Alexander & Co.

121 Lonsdale Ave., NORTH VANCOUVER
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District Lot	Portion	Acreage
1047	N.W.¼	4.75
1072	S.E.¼	4.75
1073	W.½ of N.W.¼	2.25
1097	N.½	19.0
1097	S.½, S.E.¼	4.34
1099	N.½, S.E.¼ ...	9.5

For price and terms apply to

Lewis D. Orr & Co.

508 Dunsmuir Street VANCOUVER, B. C.

West Vancouver

The select residential district—DUNDARAVE
in District Lot 555

A WATERFRONT SUBDIVISION

in the very heart of the new Municipality of West Vancouver
(recently incorporated)

We are sole agents for a number of choice cleared lots having a frontage of from 60 to 66 feet on streets and lanes that are also cleared.

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Corner Lonsdale Avenue and Fifth Street
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WHARF AT PORT MANN

New Railroad at the Rate of a Mile a Day

For the last twelve years Mackenzie and Mann have added an average of one mile of new railroad per day to the Canadian Northern system.

The C. N. R. ran its first train on 100 miles of track, in Manitoba, in December, 1896. Total receipts first year, $60,000; total operating force, thirteen men, one boy; payroll, $650 per month. Last year, gross revenue, $18,000,000; employees, 48,400; mileage in six provinces, nearly 4,000 miles. Forty per cent. of Canada's great grain production found its way to market over this system. Sir Donald Mann has announced the completion of the line from Montreal to the Pacific Coast in 1913.

THAT'S THE SECRET OF PORT MANN—it's the Pacific headquarters of all that is and all that is to come in Canadian Northern expansion. Sir Donald Mann's own name forms at once the signal and the pledge of upbuilding destiny in this last great Pacific seaport terminus of a gigantic railroad and steamship system.

The coincident completion of the Panama Canal and the C. N. R. line from Montreal to Port Mann in 1913 means an addition of many millions of dollars to the value of Port Mann property.

Port Mann is today the one great investment certainty of the Pacific Northwest. Fortunes will be made here. Almost over night there will spring up a great industrial city, and values will increase by leaps and bounds.

We earnestly advise an investment in the Official Townsite while lots can still be bought at opening prices. Five millions invested since March 1, when sale opened.

Write us at once for full, accurate, authentic information. This will be sent without cost or obligation on your part. We make a specialty of advising purchasers where to buy. We want you to make money. WE KNOW PORT MANN.

ADAMS & EGAN, Authorized Agents Official Townsite

160 Hastings Street West VANCOUVER, B. C.

PORT MANN

Pacific Coast Terminus and Seaport of the Canadian Northern Railway

The heaviest purchasers of property in the new city have been heads of large industries, banks, railway officials, and capitalists generally, who shrewdly see the future of Port Mann.

Other investors cannot go wrong in taking the same course. This is your golden opportunity to get for yourself some of the profit that is accruing to the holders of Port Mann property.

GET DETAILED INFORMATION FROM

Pacific Properties Limited

PACIFIC BUILDING, VANCOUVER, B. C.

who own or control the major portion of the Official Townsite of Port Mann.

Remember that the Western Provinces, the Canadian Northern Railway and the genius of Mackenzie and Mann —all are back of Port Mann.

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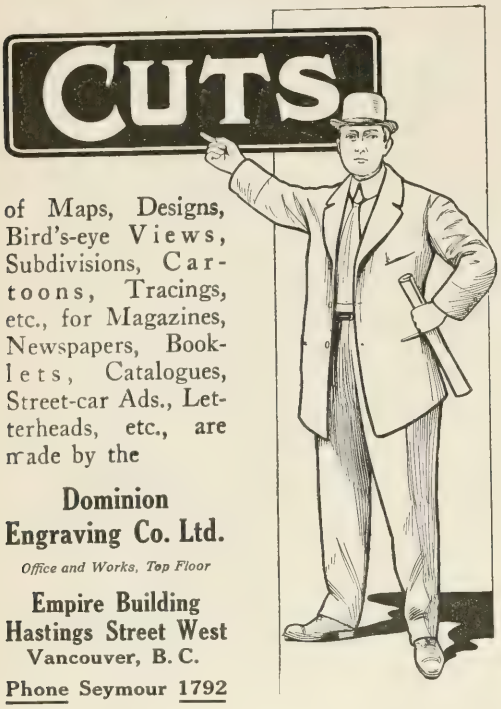

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Please send me particulars of your five-acre farms.

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These residential sites, commanding a magnificent outlook over the Fraser and Pitt River Valleys, are selling for $300.

$75 CASH

Balance spread over 6, 12, 18 and 24 months. Interest 7 per cent.

FILL IN THE FOLLOWING COUPON AND MAIL TO US TODAY

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Making a Metropolis at Coquitlam

In the Vancouver Metropolitan District British Columbia

Six railways are making Coquitlam a metropolis—just like Winnipeg, Calgary, Seattle or Vancouver. The largest railway system on the continent, the Canadian Pacific, is building seven-million-dollar terminals there—the finest in America.

Six months ago there were only a few dozen people in Coquitlam; in three or four years from now there will be at least 30,000. The C. P. R. will employ 5,000, supporting directly a population of 25,000 to 30,000. These statements are made by conservative officials of the company, which owns not a foot of the townsite, except what is to be used for actual railway purposes.

WE OWN THE TOWNSITE

—we sold the railway its own land. We have since sold many lots in the townsite to small and large investors on easy terms, and they are all making money. One man made $300 in two months after paying in $55; two others made $1,000 each, and another $450. Dozens made from $100 to $1,000 on small investments, and much more on larger ones.

YOU CAN DO THE SAME

—we can still sell you good inside lots in the townsite at first prices.

Coquitlam has just begun to grow. More than fifty industrial kings from the East had applied at this writing for manufactory and mill sites, banks and financial institutions are buying business lots, paying thousands of dollars cash. The C. P. R. work has commenced, and dozens of hotels, stores and houses are being rushed up.

Two suburban carlines will be built through Coquitlam, connecting it with Vancouver, seventeen miles away, and the other communities in the rich Fraser Valley. Coquitlam will get power and light at low competitive rates, and coal at rock-bottom prices.

You have heard about the vast, rich wheat lands of Western Canada, served by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Coquitlam will be the Pacific operating terminus of this gigantic transportation system, and will be the port of exit and entry for the enormous trade, including the export grain trade, between Western Canada and the rest of the world.

In every basic industry—agriculture, mining, fisheries, forests, water-power—Coquitlam has behind it a richer and larger territory than Los Angeles, Seattle and Portland combined.

THE MAN WHO WILL REAP THE BENEFIT OF THIS CITY'S GROWTH WILL NOT BE HE WHO WORKS THERE, BUT HE WHO OWNS GOOD INSIDE PROPERTY.

In every city it is the same. Population and development mean money made out of the increase in real estate values. Millions will be made and are being made in Coquitlam. Don't wait a minute longer for that opportunity—it is right here. We are owners of the townsite and we want to tell you about Coquitlam. Sign this coupon and mail today, while ground floor prices prevail.

Coquitlam Terminal Co., Ltd.
Leigh-Spencer Building,
Vancouver, B. C.

Send me maps, price lists, and full information about Coquitlam, the Pacific operating terminus of the C. P. R., new wheat route and industrial centre.

Name .....

Address ..... B. C.

References: Bank of Hamilton, Vancouver, B. C. or any Commercial Agency

Coquitlam Terminal Company
Limited

Leigh-Spencer Building

VANCOUVER, CANADA

Vancouver

The Metropolis on the Pacific

continues to forge ahead, and in every line of activity is showing the same rapid and substantial growth that has made it unique among the cities of the world

The outstanding feature in the statistics of Vancouver's growth during March, 1912, is the large increase in the total of the bank clearings. The clearings for the month just passed show an increase of $5,818,024 over March of last year, and an increase of $14,487,817 over the total for March, 1910, the total clearings for the three periods being as follows:

March, 1912 ..... $49,902,878.00
March, 1911 ..... 44,084,854.00
March, 1910 ..... 35,415,061.00

One of the best indications of the rapidity with which Vancouver is coming to the front among the trade centres of the world is the enormous increase over any previous year in the Customs receipts for the fiscal year ending March 31. The receipts for the year total $7,675,161.73, establishing a new record for the port of Vancouver, which, compared with the total for the year ending March 31, 1911, of $6,231,604.64, shows an increase in revenue of $1,442,557.09. These figures do not represent the total gain, as for the last six months of the year the revenue from Chinese head-tax, which amounts in the aggregate to a large sum, has gone into the hands of the Immigration Department instead of the Customs as heretofore.

The value of the building permits issued for the month of March, 1912, show the very satisfactory total of $1,434,392.00. Although this total is somewhat under that of March, 1911, the number of permits issued for the month just closed is much greater than for the corresponding month last year, the figures being for March, 1912, 342 permits, and for March, 1911, 269 permits, showing an increase of 73 in the number of permits issued.

The most noteworthy item in the building inspector's record for the last month is the large number of building permits that have been issued for dwelling-houses, the total number being 235.

The permits issued for the month were as follows:

	Number	Value
Repairs and alterations	41	$ 21,965.00
Dwelling-houses	235	477,930.00
Apartment and rooming-houses	19	213,500.00
Factories and warehouses	49	313,495.00
Office and store buildings ...	18	407,400.00

Owing to the small area included in the Vancouver city limits in comparison with all other cities of anything like the same population, the above figures do not give a true estimate of the growth of this city. Just beyond the city limits in the adjoining municipalities, and which are to all intents and purposes a part of Vancouver, an enormous amount of building is being done. In the first three months of the present year the value of the buildings erected in Point Grey amounted to $269,850, South Vancouver $684,357, North Vancouver $175,099, and Burnaby approximately $150,000 (the exact figures are not available). Were these amounts added to that of Vancouver proper they would swell the total very materially, and would represent more equally the amount of building taking place in this city.

One of the difficulties with which the city authorities have to contend is in the provision of accommodation for the school children of the city. Although modern and commodious schools are being opened every few months, it seems almost impossible to keep up with the rapidly increasing attendance. The average attendance for the month of March of this year is considerably over that of a year ago, the average attendance being as follows:

March, 1912 11,651
March, 1911 10,038

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633 Granville Street — Vancouver, B. C.

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in the immediate vicinity of Vancouver, the fastest growing city in the world.

It will be as safe as in the bank, but the returns will be many times greater.

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REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL BROKERS
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If you have anything up to our standard to sell, add it to our list.

Don't offer anything shady or we will expose it.

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The first essential in their production is purity, and you get the best the land affords today, not only for purity as thus proven, but for their soundness of whole fruit, the use of the best refined sugar, the preservation of the daintiest qualities to taste, and all produced with the minutest care to cleanliness in the E. D. S. Brand.

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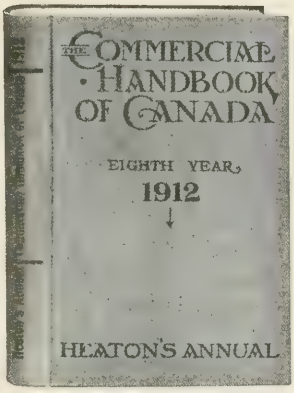

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The home-seeker's city beyond compare.

The seat of the Canadian navy on the Pacific.

The centre of railway activity to the north, east and west.

The Capital City of British Columbia, and its greatest pride.

The Sundown City, and last Western Metropolis.

A city of law and order, peace and prosperity.

A city of great business enterprise—one hundred million dollars in one week's bank clearings.

A city of unexcelled educational facilities.

A city of unparalleled beauty.

The business man's model city and community.

The manufacturer's goal on the Pacific.

The outlet to the Panama Canal.

The ship building city of Western Canada.

The city with a present and a future.

The residence city without an equal anywhere.

Best climate — Best living — Best people
No extremes of heat or cold—Most sunshine
Least fog—Annual rainfall 25 to 28 inches

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Development League

VICTORIA, B.C., CANADA

Vancouver Island Development League
Victoria, B.C., Canada, Dept. 44

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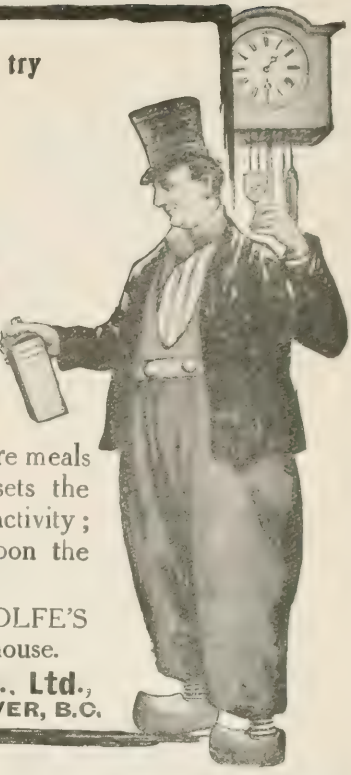

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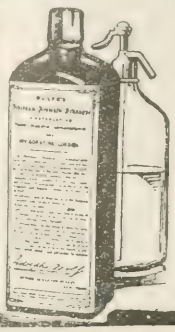

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